The Bystander, December 17, 1919. No. 837. Vol. LXIV.

The BYSTANDER

"FRATERNISATION"

BY ALFRED LEETE

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Signature of holder.....

Bystander Comments

Bill Gawber Orates.

I RAN across Bill outside Victoria Station, into whose cloak-room I was dragging my sister's skis, just purchased at Selfrod's.

"Wot yer got in that bundle?" asked Bill, after ironically watching the efforts, strenuous on my part, languid on that of the porter's, to heave the implements on the counter.

"Skis," I gasped, as they clattered over.

"Shes?" repeated Bill. "Wot yer want two shes fer? Can't yer git enough trouble out o' one?"

"You don't understand, Bill. Skis are for winter sports."

"Oh, I get yer orl right. That sort o' winter sport sounds likely ter keep yer warm. But yer ain't got no (crimson) call ter sye I don't understand. I knows all abart winter sports; ain't my niece Mybel, as is in the City, took up with a Swiss waiter? I knows orl abart the (fetid) dissipations o' the (sanguinary) aristocrercy. An' I sez it gives me the sick ter think o' the torfs a-tikin' the air in the Swiss fer 'Appy 'Ampstead while the pore workin' man sits sweatin' at 'ome."

Pleasure.

"Oh, the toffs do a lot of sweating on skis? Try it."

"Not me! I'm for the good old wyes as was fashionable when England was merrie, a long time ago, when there weren't no (pink) Lloyd Georges. I don't 'ave ter go ten thousand miles, first-class all the wye, (scorch) 'em! an' chicken and 'am pie whenever the train stops ter think. No, I ain't corrupted. Gimme a good ole roundabout, or an Aunt Sally, with a cokernut prize for every biff yer can land on Curzon. (Ter sye nothing o' that purple rat, G. N. Barnes, as useter do a bit o' work an' give it up ter go in for politics). No, I ain't got no (foaming) use fer new-fangled notions. Course, I don't sye I'm agin progress. No! I took Mrs. Gawber on the scenic railway at Earl's Court, years ago. My, they gave us a (detonated) doing. When she see the down'ill Mrs. Gawber fairly 'owled. 'Old me 'and, Bill, she bellers. An', Gaw! down we goes; I thought me stomach was bein' pushed inter me fice. An' Mrs. Gawber a-yellin' fer 'er and sayin' orl the time: Gawber, yer wait till I git orf, yer . . . an' then tryin' ter pick 'er teeth with 'er boots. . . . If that's winter sports, yer can (purple) well 'ave the sport, old cock, an' I'll do with the (tepid) winter."

Diversions.

"No, I ain't exacting. All I want is ter 'ave the (gory) parks back. Let 'em 'eave the Government buildings out o' the ornamental water unless they expects a flood ter drown the (bloated) White'all rats. Gimme back 'Yde Park, I sez, fer me ter pace up an' down an' 'ave a squint at a pair o' ankles ter remind me o' the time when I was young. An' let 'em (incandescent) well stop a-'arryin' the nippers as wants ter play cricket on Sundays. Torfs like you sez we're a drunken lot—well, wot else is there ter do for the likes o' me except ter drown me (boiling) sorrers in a gallon or so? Tikes a gallon ter drown a workin' man's (blazing) sorrer. Git orf ter yer winter sports, Clarence. You won't be missed; I don't want no more o' yer fancy reportin' o' wot I sez when I feels soulful." He grew meditative: "There's this ter be said fer winter sports fer the (decorated) aristocrercy: there's accidents!"

"YOU DIRTY BOY! YOU'RE NO CLEANER NOW THAN WHEN I STARTED"

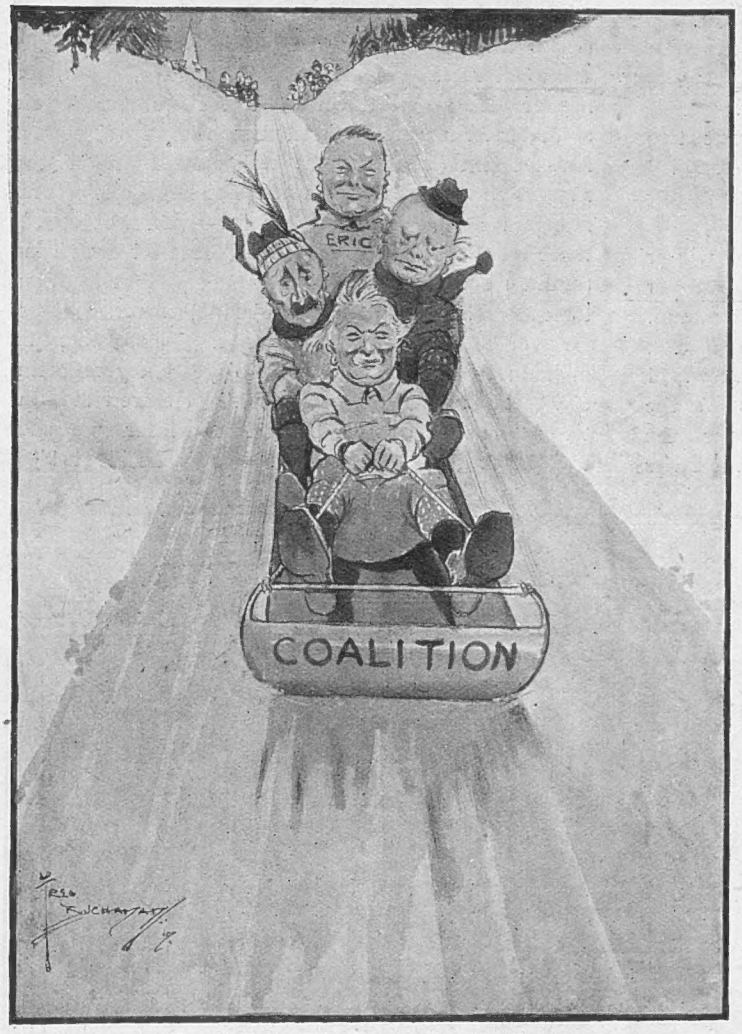
By W. E. Wigfull

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Joys That Wait in Switzerland

I HEAR that all the sleeping berths on the night trains from Paris to Marseilles and the Riviera are booked until February. If the same squash applies to the night trains from Paris to Switzerland, the merry "winter-sporters" who have not fixed their dates and booked their berths, will have to sit up all night in the gee-gee puff-puff. But what does that matter when, in return for an aching back and frozen toes, you find the joys of bobsleigh, luge, and ski awaiting you—not to speak of skating when the rink isn't wanted for "fancy exhibitions"?

All Right Up to Now—



—But Can They "Bank" On It?

By Fred Buchanan

Old Times and Professionalism

THE only drawback to the winter in Switzerland in the pre-war times was the octopus of professionalism—I use that word because there isn't any other that describes exactly what I mean. Expert skill was slowly crushing out the fun of the earlier days; but that was distinctly the tendency in every game and sport. Of course, people who do nothing all day long except luge, or skate, or steer a bobsleigh, ought to become expert—they'd be noodles if they didn't. Still, the large numbers of folk who went out for fun, who didn't specialise but did a bit of everything, used to get rather restive at the increasing number of "closed times" on the rinks and runs for competitions and displays.

Five years, perhaps, may have cooled the "professionalism" of some of the worst offenders. But what jolly times they were in the old days! There was nothing like it in Europe for real *joie de vivre*.

The picnics in the snow, the fancy dress balls, dances and concerts at night in the hotel; the exhilarating rush on your luge down the run, the toiling back again, your luge on your back—swirl down, toil up all the morning; double eights and outside edge on the rink—and your partners. What jolly, merry girls they were! Everything was amusing—from the sloppy cloakrooms, their floors running with melted snow from endless boots—it was always fun to see some other Johnny drop his fur gloves or his muffler in the mess—to the arrival of the postman, and the invariable ice for dinner on Thursdays and Sundays.

It is good to feel that it is all beginning again, and that Mürren, Château d'Oex, Les Avants, and the other places are once more the setting for youth and jollity and "topping times."

And it is likewise comforting to know that this year, at any rate, a certain type of Englishwoman will not lower the national prestige in foreign eyes by disporting herself in odd and scanty raiment upon Swiss ice, as happened on at least one occasion in pre-war days.

Seven Shillings a Second! Some Price!

SPEAKING of professionalism, are the boxing championships of the future, I wonder, going to be determined on the lines of the Carpentier-Beckett affair? If so, they will have to lower the prices of seats. Twenty-five guineas for a seventy-four seconds' spectacle is a bit stiff, even in these days of fantastic prices. If the principle goes on the organisers of these contests will have to charge for their seats at so much per round, otherwise who will take the risk of paying something like seven shillings a second?

Happy Tact and a Little History

THE death of Lord Walsingham recalls an instance of ready resource and tact, which, so far as I know, has never found its way into the many books of memoirs on that period.

Lord Walsingham's first wife was an Englishwoman, a Miss Locke, and a great beauty. She was married to a Neapolitan, the Duke San Arpino, and as Duchess San Arpino was a great figure in English Society. But the Duke San Arpino was *volage*, and ultimately the marriage was annulled, divorce not existing then in Italy.

(Continued on page 958)

Fancy Dress: or, The Polite Revolutionists

COMRADE SMILLIE (*to three Parliamentarians trying to toe the line*): "A-ye, at firrst sight it's juist a praiseworrthy efforrt, na' doot, but Comrade Cramp agrees wi' me it lacks the true starmp o' the Revolutionarry—there's no hearrt in it, and it wudna frichten a moose! The moostache is good, though, and has the Trotsky truculence"

BY E. T. REED

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

The lady afterwards married Lord Walsingham. They went to Paris for their honeymoon. On the very day after their arrival, descending the hotel staircase they came face to face with the Duke San Arpino.

Escape was impossible on either side. The Duke, taking off his hat, gallantly kissed the lady's hand, then, bowing to Lord Walsingham, said:

"I congratulate you, sir. You have married the most charming woman in Europe."

Later the Duke San Arpino succeeded his father as the Duke Santo Teodoro. This title descended to his daughter by Lady Walsingham. She married Prince Colonna, and was the mother of the present Duchess di Sermonata.

"Ware Wire!"

To the 'uncomfortables' of being alive there seems no end. Imagine looking in a shop window, feeling yourself being "squoze" in a crowd, and then, when you get yourself free, walking home with a chilly feeling all down your back. And then—ah! here is the bitterness of it—after complaining to your maid that you feel cold, to be told by her that some £400 worth of fur has been cut out of the back of your sable coat.

All this happened to a lady in Regent Street, and another only saved square feet of precious fur by turning quickly because "she was conscious of someone breathing on her neck."

It is about the most daring and ingenious form of robbery hitherto brought before the public. The operator or operators must obviously have a knowledge of furs, otherwise hundreds of dames who wear garments that look like ermine and sable—and which ain't—might tremble.

Those happy folk who can carry furs on their back, of which a portion only costs £400, will have to wear wire netting outside.

LIEUT. KEITH M. SMITH AND CAPT. ROSS M. SMITH

Winners of the prize of £10,000 offered by the Australian Government to the first pilots to fly from England to Australia. They started from Hounslow on a "Vickers-Vimy-Rolls" machine on November 12th and landed at Port Darwin last week—28 days after the start

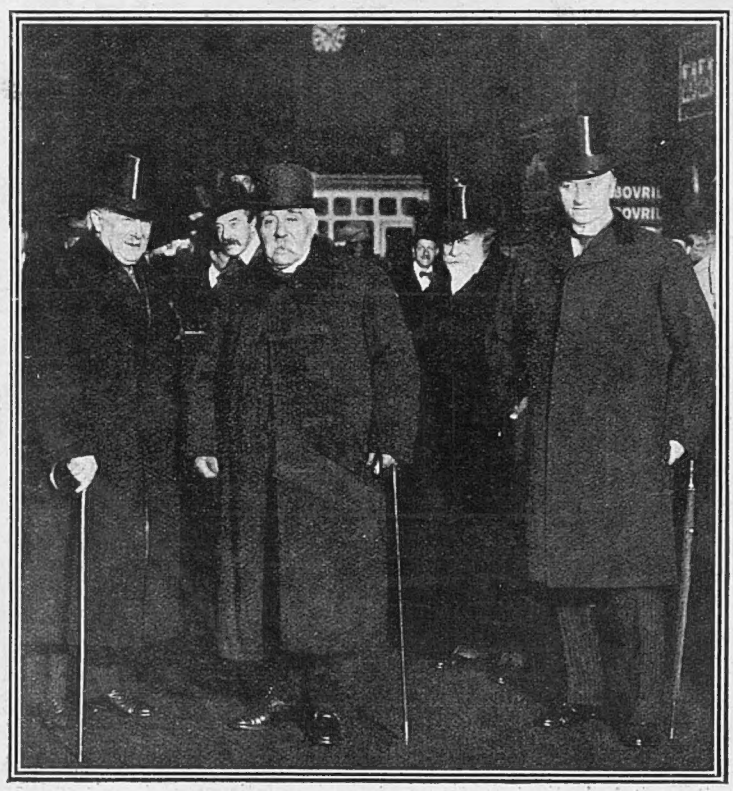
The Reproach Courteous

I know you nice people like a neat and tidy little tale occasionally. Here, my children, is one. A young man and a young woman were devoted to each other, but, for some reason only known to the feminine bosom, she was extremely difficult and tiresome. She would, she wouldn't; she could, she couldn't—all the gallumpey so dear to the mid-Victorian lady novelist and Mrs. Barclay, so *démode* in our time.

The young man was very patient, but one fine day his patience walked out of the window, and in the politest manner he told the lady to go and put straws in her hair.

The silence of the tomb fell between them. Then, after three months, she wrote as if nothing had happened, saying he owed her a luncheon and a matinée—she had refused them five times, which really lead to the straws' suggestion.

He took her out to luncheon and to a play—see how forgiving we male creatures are! But what do you think was the name of the play? Answer—*Reparation*.



"THE TIGER" ARRIVES IN LONDON

M. Clemenceau is here seen at Victoria Station immediately after his arrival on Thursday last. On the left is Mr. Lloyd George, and on the right M. Cambon and Lord Curzon

Important Notice to Readers.

THE BYSTANDER, always up-to-date, must now be aggressively so, and announce to its readers that it is obliged, by the exigencies of the high cost of production, to follow the necessary example of other weekly papers and to increase its price to one shilling. Such an unavoidable policy enables it to carry on in its usual smart way, and to continue its weekly novelties by the introduction of those fresh surprises which have made its pages famous among people of discretion in topical art and attractive literature. Beginning with the first issue of the New Year, 1920, January 7, the charge will be one shilling a copy.

Political Personalities in Caricature

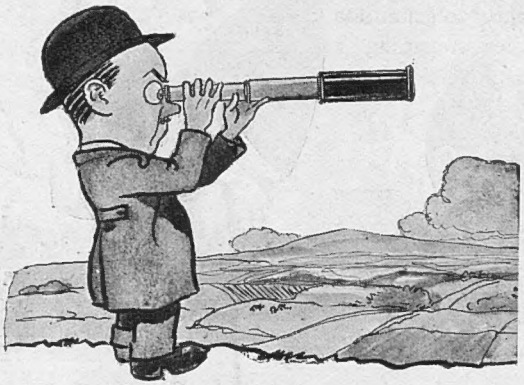
IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE HOUSE

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

The Good Old Days

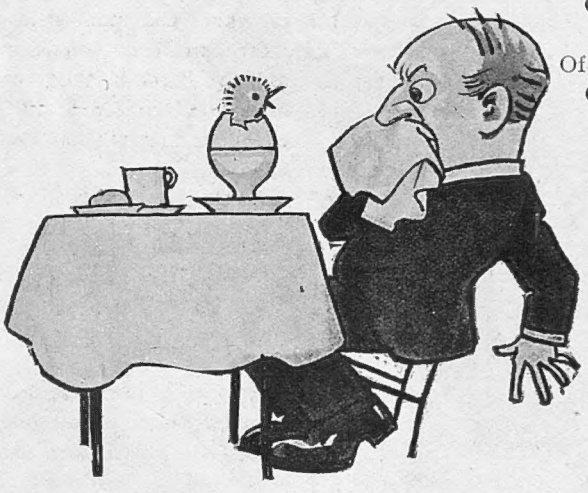
By REGINALD ARKELL. *Illustrated by ALFRED LEETE*

I REMEMBER, I remember, the house where I was born;
I used to play about all day, with flappers on the lawn.
I often sit and think of it, for now I cannot find,
In dale or dell, to let or sell, a house of any kind.



"In dale or dell, to let or sell"

I remember, I remember,
The way we used to teach
A hen to lay an egg a day,
And charge a penny each.
An addled one provided fun
For voters, seeing red,
But now they serve it up to me
At breakfast time, instead.



"At breakfast-time, instead"

I remember, I remember, how ancient men would boast
Of smuggling days and smuggler's ways along the Cornish coast.
They fought and died, beneath the tide their bones are lying white,
And profiteers, like privateers, should all be shot at sight!

I remember, I remember, the way those prices rose.
I used to think that they would sink when we had whacked our foes.
It was a childish ignorance, because I find, to-day,
The stuff I buy is worse, and I have twice as much to pay.

"And so I know the jazz will go"

I remember, I remember, the dances of the past,
Young folk forget the minuet, the lancers didn't last.
The gay gavotte is voted rot, the polka passed away,
And so I know the jazz will go when it has had its day.

I remember, I remember, the Christmas pantomime;
What though it told a story old, in strangely stilted rhyme!
Our modern stuff is good enough, yet, in those good old days,
They charged no entertainment tax and gave us better plays.

I remember, I remember, the tales my mother told,
Of mincemeat pies, just twice the size, and guineas made of gold.
Of tipsy cake she used to make, of revels in the hall;
Of masters kissing serving-maids! *We* have no maid at all.

"Of masters kissing serving-maids"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *December* 15, 1919

DEAR COUSIN—

JUST as there are kisses *and* kisses (especially round about what someone's just called Kiss-mas time) so there's holidays *and* holidays—and the holiday of holidays, the super-holiday, is the winter sports holiday.

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To begin with, it comes, you see, at the psychological moment—when we're fed-up, full up with the utter awfulness of this too, too utterly awful London winter of ours. To-day we exist in fog and misery. To-morrow, "over there," we live in a silvery radiance that uplifts—even in spite of yourself.

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YEARS and years ago, the year before the well-known War, to be precise, that's what I did—left London one January morning dark as Erebus and got next morning to a Chamonix crystal-clear under a cloudless blue sky, and a sky that really did almost blaze, if the temperature *was* ten degrees below zero.

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WHICH—the lowness of the thermometer, I mean—doesn't, of course, in a high-up winter sports resort, make you merely *cold*. For the luxurious winter sport hotels are super central-heated inside, and outside it's the kind of cold that invigorates but doesn't chill, like somebody's cocoa.

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SO still it is, so pure, so radiant; a strange white etiolated fairy land that yet beams and sparkles, demurely ravishing. Yes, for all the charm of the winter sports holiday, the abandon, the youthfulness, the absorption in pleasure, I think "demure" is the right word. The atmosphere is wonderful, exquisite — it would intoxicate a depressed nursery governess. But there is no mystery in it, it probably leaves the sybarite cold. In Switzerland one's raptures are not so rapturous as they might be, say, in Spain.

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I WOULDN'T, for instance, want to make honeymoon on a winter sports holiday—would you? Though quite lots do, I believe—the noisier, less temperamental kind, who are gregarious, even when in love. And schoolmasters, of course—who, for reasons that remain a mystery to me (the huge length of schoolmasters' holidays is the only solution for their swarming I can think of)—indulge, those who can afford it, almost to a man, in the winter sports' holiday.

"Clothed in many woollies."

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WHO was it — Edith Sichel?—who said she "could not bear the ugly beauty of Switzerland—I like ugliness and beautiful ugliness, but not ugly beauty."

"The Hun was much in evidence Winter-sporting before the War."

On *that* kind of adventure I think it'd just have to be *really* warm, don't you? Golden, not silver; soft, not hard; rose-coloured instead of that marvellous virgin white—yes, Spain would do, "that brown, un-European land of flowers, where the men seem cleft to the waist when they are astride of horses, under their wide black hats, and the black-clothed women with wonderful eyes still look as if they missed their Eastern veils."

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STILL, in winter time the "ugly beauty" of Switzerland, diademed in snow, is much more beautiful than ugly. Under that soft, powdery glistening cloak the most pedestrian inelegance is turned to patrician seemliness, the hardest lines softened, vulgarity transmuted into rightness. Snow, like charity, covers a multitude of sins—in Switzerland!

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WHICH reminds me—of the winter sports life as led by the sporting Englishman (with or without female fixings) in the winter sport places, St. Moritz, Mürren, Klosters, Davos, Caux, Chamonix, and the rest, whose name is legion It is, as aforesaid, first and last a healthy one.

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

UP in the Swiss mountains there isn't any place for the lotus-life of the Riviera. Man—and woman—must run about, and keep on running about, to keep warm, to be in the movement, in fact, and you've *got* to take lots of exercise if only to be always ready, aye ready, for the enormous meals eaten in very hot rooms (the Hun was much in evidence winter-sporting before the War) with *no* ventilation whatever, and *only* the English visitors bathed.

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TRUE, on the French side of the Alps, in the lovely region of the Haute Savoie, waited on by the pleasant Savoyard, we did breakfast in our rooms on rolls and honey and coffee, while a wonderful rising sun turned Mont Blanc into an exquisite rosy bride and powdered with diamonds the busy, noisy, dashing little mountain trout streams.

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AND true, too, no one *complains*, on a winter sports holiday, because of any undue largeness, magnitude, or even enormity of a meal. For myself, I *never* felt so delightfully greedy in *all* my life, and if I can't do it again—well, the War's *really* made one grow old then!

"Skirts are short for winter sporting."

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SUCH a sharpener of appetites is that Swiss day of lugeing down the snowy slopes, skimming down and sweating up the hills; of dashing (and falling) about on ski; of propelling little toboggans down gentle (but glacial) gradients by the simple and primitive method of jabbing the ground with one's toes or heels, the while you steer with woolly-gloved hands and cling with close-pressed stomach. . . .

OF long, thrilling, tinkling, closely wrapped rides in sleighs, and of *lovely* hot drinks imbibed at some far-off inn up the hill or along the valley; of skating—practising one's "edges;" or swiftly adventuring just for the mere animal joy of life, hands closely interlocked (one's extremities *are* apt to chill off a bit as the day wears on and the sun goes down) with those of someone (preferably) of the other sex.

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AND always (or nearly always) on a (proper) winter sports holiday there's a moon that comes up after tea and turns the rosy whiteness of the sunset into a breathless dream of softly sparkling wonder. The stars, great clear-eyed constellations, look down from a sky of dark-blue velvet; the frozen snow responds with a hundred thousand cheerful little winks; the air gets so cold it's like iced champagne just at the right moment. . . .

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YET all these glints are not Elinor 'Glynts,' for Switzerland, as aforesaid, is nothing if not thoroughly, indeed, perhaps, even a little *bourgeois-ly*, respectable. Even her fairies are clothed from head to foot in many woollies. And if skirts are short for winter sporting—well, you see, Mrs. Grundy or no Mrs. Grundy, you just simply can't sport attired *à la* Eve.

卐 卐

OF course, too, when the day is done, when dressing bells sound and cocktails tempt, then, back in the steam-heats, one may, with all propriety, undress for dinner. And after dinner *more* exercise—for nothing succeeds like excess. Also, even in pure Switzerland, the brave, you know, can't be wholly unconscious of the fair, and I'm told there are minxes even in Switzerland who qualify for the Aluminium Cross for Audacity.

"Nothing like a strong right arm if we have got a vote."

卐 卐

APROPOS, quite a nice, s'nestly, snuggly place, Switzerland, if the schoolmasters *do* cluster somewhat freely. So many things you have to be *taught*, you see, at winter sporting, and, as everyone knows, for teaching *anything* there's nothing like a strong, right arm, if we *have* got a vote, is there? And lots of dangerous dangers to be guarded against too, of course, and it's astonishing, I don't mind telling you, how all the *prettiest* girls seem *always* to be in danger.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Our Royal Visitor

Photograph *Bertram Park*

AN EXCLUSIVE PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

The only posed portrait taken of Her Majesty during her stay in London

Why Go to Switzerland or Norway—

—When the Best "Winter Sports" may be had in London Town?

BY ALFRED LEETE

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES.

H. COLLINSON OWEN.

DRAWINGS BY HIGGINS.

No. VIII.—Reggie on the Honours' Lists

"Letters patent."

"AFTER all," I said, "it would be a poor world if there were no titles. . . ."

"Of course, it's not the titles I'm objecting to," said Reggie. "Obviously there must be titles, if only to distinguish the Lords from the Commons. It's the people they bestow 'em on I'm objecting to. And we're running out of suitable names. All the good old territorial labels were snapped up long ago. It's positively heart-breaking to see the shifts some of our later peers are put to in order to get their new names and addresses fixed up. The next strike we shall hear of will be at the College of Heralds.

"As far as I can make out, the only things that weren't rationed in England during the War were honours and titles. One simply doesn't know where to tread nowadays. Old 'Debrett' has been re-upholstered to such an extent that you can't recognise the original. There's an awful lot of wadding mixed with the horsehair. You'll remember, some years back, there was a time when dear old Asquith threatened the country with a horrible menace. I forget the precise reason, but he proposed to turn out peers by the thousand; put Liberal Members in at one end of the machine, wearing corduroys, and bring 'em out at the other end wearing coronets and high-bridged noses. Well, what Asquith wanted to do out of pure political fiendishness Lloyd George and his cronies seem to have accomplished from sheer goodness of heart. They've handed out the glad Letters Patent with the joyous generosity of a moneylender distributing his touching circulars.

"Some people are born to titles, some people achieve 'em—you know the old gag—and some people have 'em thrust into their letter-boxes. Lloyd George is the greatest thruster in English history. As a man of push and go, whatever he does he does to the limit. And if it's titles you want he'll produce 'em in masses. Titles, in fact, are the one example England has shown up to the present of successful mass production. There arrived a time when a feller couldn't take breakfast with the Welsh Wizard without finding at least a knighthood under his plate. It's a sort of conjuring trick—*prestidigitation* adapted as an aid to digestion. The only distinction Ll. G. can't prevail upon himself to hand out is the Order of the Boot.

"The trouble with the Premier, of course, is that he's too soft-hearted. During the War he carried his Cornucopia about under his arm, and gave it a squeeze at the least provocation. If he met a friend in the street—or in the long bar at the Trocadero, or somewhere like that—who looked a little depressed, the Premier would press the button on his machine, and out would drop a K.B.E. If he met another acquaintance who looked thoroughly miserable, he would press twice, and out would pop a Baronetcy. And if he came across an old pal belonging to the higher Palestinian financial circles who was obviously in tears, and was sure we were going to lose the War, why the genial P.M. would press three times, produce a full-blown Earldom, and lead another Moses into the Promised Land.

"The consequence of all this misplaced generosity is that nowadays a feller can't move without treading on somebody else's title. This club, for instance, is nowadays like a chapter from the Thousand and one Knights. In the palmy days of this fine old institution a feller was put down on the waiting-list the moment the family doctor announced to the proud patrician father the sex of the infant. I myself was introduced in that manner. The moment I reported for duty in the family circle a red

light blazed on the castle keep. At the signal a mounted groom galloped hell for leather to the nearest telegraph office, and within half an hour the venerable secretary of those days had my name down on the parchment waiting-list all good and proper. A feller was pretty lucky if he got in under a quarter of a century. The old boys of those days were pretty slow in dying off, and I really believe some of 'em clung to life simply to keep fellers on the waiting-list out of the club.

"Well, one day, by some extraordinary piece of bad luck, a company promoter, who was also a Radical M.P., managed to get himself elected. The shock to the old boys was so terrific that they went down like ninepins. The mortality figures were something amazing. Every member over seventy-five at once passed in his checks. The consequence was the club was immediately three-parts empty. The committee had a panic, the emergency exits were thrown wide open, and the middle-classes poured in.

"Well, it was rather a blow to begin with, but in time we more or less shook down to 'em, although what was left of the Old Guard passed many an unhappy day in the process. There was poor old Carnaby, of the Blues, for instance, who spent all his time glaring at the new members. He nearly died in his chair of rabies one day because one of them asked him if he'd finished with the *Pink 'Un*. But in due course the poor old boy was gathered to his fathers, and went to a land where I imagine all class distinctions are still carefully preserved. His portrait hangs in the entrance hall, and it is said that when some of our later members come in the old boy has been known to bark.

"One's favourite comedians becoming Knights"

"Well, once old Carnaby was gone the last obstacle to, at any rate, a patched-up peace was removed. The newer members always had the good taste to treat the others with just a *nuance* of respect, and all was well. But now, 'pon me soul, things are vastly different. I come back to find half the new fry with handles to their names, and mightily aware of the fact. Sir to you, Sir, and Sir to you! Hang it, it's like a polite scene from a Restoration Comedy. It's all very well to rub along with the middle classes just as a matter of amiable condescension. But when they acquire handles and airs at the same time it's too much. My democratic principles allow me to go a certain distance, but no further."

"But, Reggie, this is hardly kind. If these excellent people have earned their distinctions because of services rendered during the War . . . ."

"My dear old thing, if you said accounts rendered you'd be much nearer the mark. Half these gallant distinctions were earned on the battlefields of Throgmorton Street, or wherever it is the City men do each other to death. However, I'm not grousing at that. Finance cannot be ignored in these days. But I do think the pretty little honours should not have been handed round with such a lavish hand. Every time the Premier had his weekly list made up he ought to have divided it by four. Then each little group of four could have tossed for it. It would have added a sporting chance to this sort of thing which the public would have much appreciated, especially as Parliament has refused 'em Premium Bonds.

"It could have been arranged for the spin of the coin to take place at all sorts of pleasant and appropriate moments. Suppose, for instance, that at the beginning of every boxing match four silk-hatted and frock-coated gentlemen stepped into the ring. The referee, before introducing the fighting men and their thick-eared followers, would then announce that these four gentlemen were about to toss for a Knighthood. with a fair field and no favour, The bookies would be busy about the ring, laying odds on the little fat one or giving two to one on the field, just as their fancy dictated. The winner would be a popular favourite, and the people would feel that they had some sort of share in choosing their betters For the Baronets we would reserve, say, Queen's Hall concerts, West End revues, and that sort of thing. And for Peers it could be well understood that the ceremony should take place in the Upper House itself. Competitors would line up before the Woolsack, and the Lord Chancellor would have the privilege of spinning the half-crown. It would add considerably to the

Continued on page 968

A Sting in the Tail of It!

OLD SCOT (to Son): "Ah've made ma will, Jock, an' left ye a'"

SON: "Ay!"

FATHER: "Ay, and the expense of the stamps an' charges was awfu'. So ah'll tak' it off ye're next month's allowance!"

BY BERT THOMAS

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES (concluded)

dignities of that high office. And one can imagine the excitement of the occupants of the red benches, wondering which of the four bashful aspirants was going to be thrust upon 'em; and with one noble lord betting a slice of his broad acres against a thousand shares in the jute factory of his noble neighbour. I imagine that even the Bishops would be a little thrilled, and sigh to think that their particular Trade Union forbade them risking their mitres on the contest.

"At present the whole thing's made too easy, and if we go on at this rate the proletariat will be sticking out their chests not because they are the People, but because they represent the select few. It's a dashed awkward thing, for instance, to find one's favourite comedians becoming knights. It destroys the illusion. One hates to think of comedians passing through an ordinary existence, like the rest of us. I like to think they're always as we see 'em on the stage. But if my favourite jester, in addition to scooping up about six hundred of the best per week, also becomes Sir Toby—well, it puts the lid on for me. Henceforth I cannot look on him with pleasure. I know that he is not putting his heart into his red nose. He is only thinking of the moment when he can pull it off, and hurry back home and hear the footman say, 'Yes, Sir Toby.' How can you take ennobled comedians seriously, when you know that they are infinitely more comic at home than they are in the theatre?

"It's gone much too far. Even a Knighthood used to count. But Lloyd George has watered the stock too much. I really think it's some sort of Machiavellian stunt on his part. He pretends now to be a fine, crusted old Tory, but as a matter of fact he's out to democratise the Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage, so that some day the plain Mr. will have it all his own way, and scoop up what's left of the American heiresses. There must be some dark scheme behind it. Perhaps Asquith's put him up to it, after all.

"The only other feller who sees through it besides myself, as far as I can make out, is Lord Astor. He rumbles what's coming, and he wants to get out in good time. That's his American ancestry that made the House of Astor what it is. He sees a day coming when the nobility and semi-gentry will be so swollen in size that every man of taste and discrimination will clamour to be made plain Mister. And Mr. Astor's determined to get in on the ground floor. . . . 'Pon my soul, I think I'll put it to the Guv'nor. His forefathers volunteered for the Crusades. Perhaps it'll amuse him to butt into this one."

"But, Reggie, Lord Astor's desire comes from quite other motives. What he means is . . ."

"My dear old thing, that's only what he says. But I'm sure he's feeling about it as I do. The Old Nobility's getting scared stiff—that's what it is. And he's One of Us, and he feels as we do. The Astor peerage is no mushroom growth, It goes a long way back. In fact, it's pre-war. And that, my lad, makes all the difference."

ANOTHER HARD-FOUGHT ROUND: CARPENTIER AT BOULOGNE

Carpentier has returned—for a fortnight to Paris, and en route had a good deal more trouble to save himself from his friends than he had in dealing with Beckett at the Holborn Stadium. He is here seen acknowledging the cheers at Boulogne as he climbed into his carriage

"SWISH SPORTS"

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Stars in the Ascendant: No. III. of a New Series

MISS DOROTHY MINTO

Miss Minto made her début on the stage in 1904 at the Royalty, where she appeared as "Nan" in "The Power of Darkness," and she first attracted public attention by her work at the same theatre a few months later as "Juliet." After taking leading parts in many plays during the succeeding years, she made her first appearance in revue at the Hippodrome in "Hullo, Ragtime!" She was recently playing at the Savoy Theatre, and is at present resting

BY HIGGINS

"The Crimson Alibi"

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is another American play. An old man is seated before the fire in a dimly lighted room. Somebody wrapped in a long cloak steals in, and you can see a hand closing round a dagger that is lying on an adjacent table. Then the mysterious visitor creeps up behind the victim and stabs him swiftly, and the old man calls out, "Oh, oh!" just as you do when people stab you, and that is the prologue.

IN the first act we hear that the victim is old Joshua Quincy, the millionaire. If we had known that beforehand we might have done something to save him; but the good news, of course, comes too late. The case is given into the hands of a Mr. David Carroll (Mr. A. E. George), an amateur detective, who is pained to learn of the number of people wandering about who have expressed a wish to kill Mr. Quincy. One of them, indeed, Professor Bristol, hastens to call upon Mr. Carroll immediately on hearing the sad news, lest he should be dragged into the unsavoury business. He admits having had a grudge against Quincy because the old man had ruined him financially out of spite and then gloated over his trouble; and if you haven't the right to kill an old brute like that, what becomes of our boasted liberty? But the Professor produces his revolver to show that it has not been

discharged recently, and is quite relieved to hear that old man Quincy was finished off not by a bullet, but by the knife.

THEN another suspect is, as it were, fished out from an inner pocket like the conjuror's rabbit. This is young Andrew Quincy, the old man's nephew and heir-at-law. Andrew admits having had a fierce quarrel with his uncle on the fatal night; and his difficulty is that he went out and got very drunk afterwards. Consequently, he is not able to describe his subsequent movements with reliable precision. As far as he is aware he has not been doing any murders lately, but as he has known what it is to be so drunk as to be unable to say the next morning how he got home the night before, there remains the painful assumption that he might have gone without knowing it and stuck the old man in between drinks. He is, therefore, detained for future reference. This part, played by Mr. Robert Maclachlan, stands out as the completest and most impressive piece of work in the whole entertainment.

WE now produce Richard Dorrington, the butler. He also had had words with his master on the fatal evening, from which it appears that the late Mr. Quincy's last hours on earth must have been extremely talkative ones. Furthermore, he had been discharged at a moment's notice; and having once left the house, is known to have been back there again at the fatal moment, since it was he who gave the alarm that the old man had been murdered. It is, therefore, obvious that he is the guilty man. It is true, he says he is innocent, but they all say that at first. We were just feeling satisfied that the criminal had been discovered, when Mrs. Burrage, the dear old housekeeper (a charming impersonation by Miss Florence Wood), who professes to know absolutely nothing about murders and things, is surprised to gather that the police didn't know that one of the maids, Mary Garrison, had a strange man in her room on the night of the murder. The police, however, could hardly be blamed for their ignorance in this respect, since it is not usual for girls who act so indiscreetly to rush out and announce the fact to the whole street.

IT transpires that the man in question is Larry Conover, an escaped convict. We feel sorry now that we suspected the poor old butler, because the escaped convict is clearly the man we want. That's what he escaped for, of course, especially as we learn that it was old man Quincy who got him put away. Better get the rope ready at once. It takes the police a little time to find Larry, because he is hiding in a cheap hotel in the gloomier part of the city. It is Mary Garrison (Miss Kyrle Bellew) who puts the police on the scent. As her convict friend cannot leave the house, she very kindly brings him his meals regularly, so that all the police have to do is to follow her to ascertain that Larry occupies room No. 118 at Carter's hotel.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

THE next scene is really lovely with its long-drawn-out excitement. Larry's room is near the roof, and is reached by two long flights of stairs, which are shown in the scene. The police come to the hotel with their plan of campaign ready. Larry will, of course, be armed. Therefore the job will be to get the drop on him first. So they creep up the long stairway and stand outside his door ready to pop in as soon as it is opened. What they don't know, however, is that Larry has friends in the house

—which is practically a resort of dangerous criminals—and they are not going to let the police take him. This is the real scene of the play. This is the stuff. The police are up there on the second floor outside Room 118, ready to rush in and secure Larry. But if they get him they have got to come down those two long stairways with their prisoner; and at the foot of the stairs are two armed ruffians ready at a given signal to switch off the light and shoot. Talk about the excitement of dime novels!

HAVING got their man the police march in single file down the stairs, little knowing

what fate awaits them below. People in the audience laugh a little nervously, and moisten their lips and try to still their beating hearts. On, on comes the unsuspecting procession, going, it would seem, to certain doom, and no one to give a warning cry, or signal the danger from afar. Then, out go the lights, and for a moment or two all is dark, and the stage is full of shooting and yelling and scuffling, and a woman's voice calling piteously for Larry. It's the finest piece of realism I have seen for a very long time. If only the rest of the play had been as gorgeous as that! The last act is a little tame after the fine fighting scene that precedes it. We have by this time rather lost interest in old man Quincy, and want to know more about Larry; but, of course, you must stop and learn who did the murder. All the accused are assembled in the Police Inspector's office, where they sit around like a mothers' meeting while Mr. Carroll announces that the mystery is solved, and that the murderer is in their midst. Mr. George should delete this line. It gives away too much. By a process of elimination, all but one of the accused are exonerated in turn, so that the actual murderer is revealed automatically, making the dramatic identification by the police a work of supererogation as far as the audience is concerned. Still, there it is.

JINGLE

"Thy Silent Sea of Pines"

—Coleridge's "Hymn in The Vale of Chamonix"

Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY AT CHAMONIX

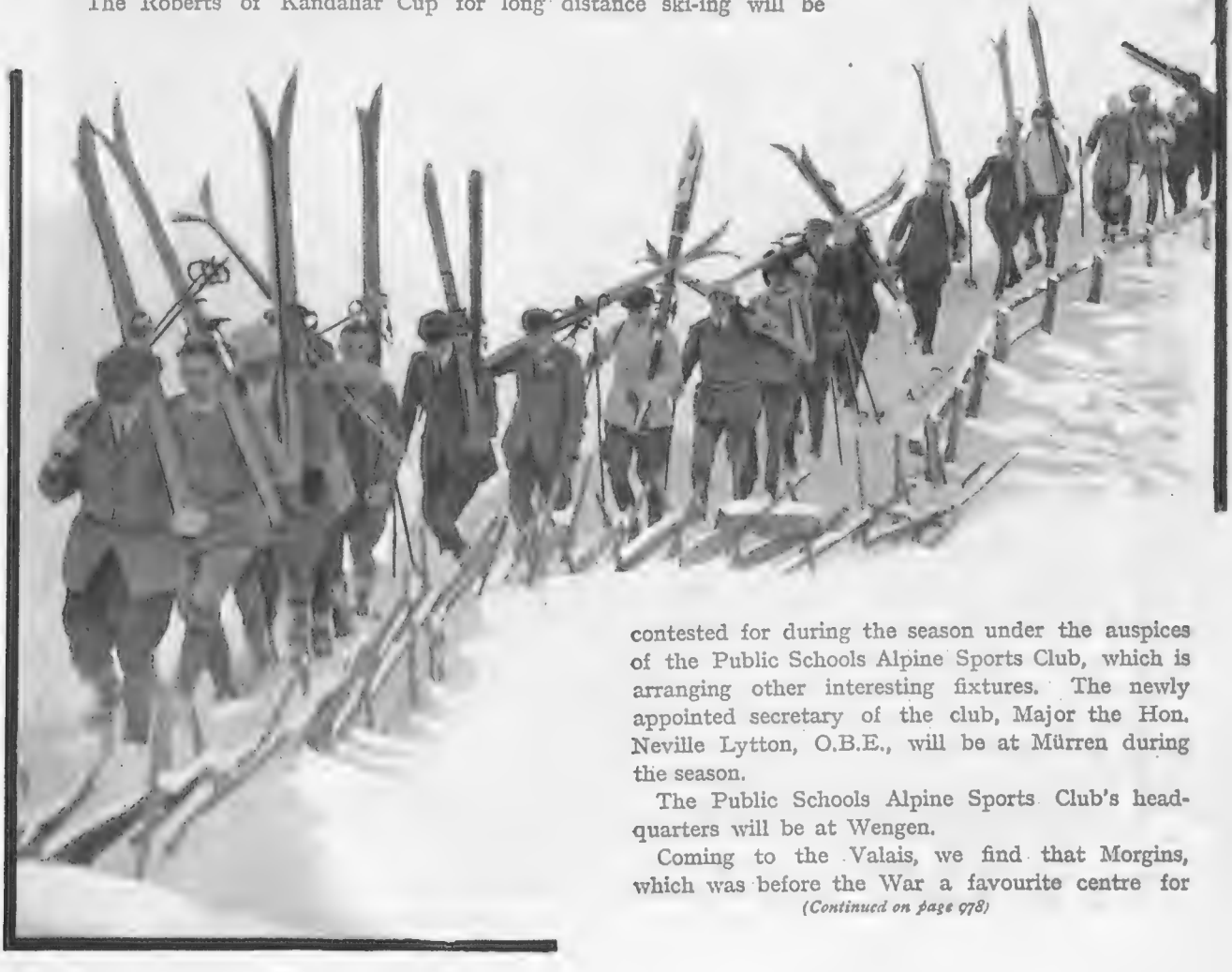
WINTER SPORTS

SWITZERLAND RESUMES HER PLACE IN THE SNOW

IN spite of the difficulties of travelling, due to the aftermath of War, the prospects for the winter season of several places in the Swiss Alps are distinctly good. At Mürren the Public Schools Winter Sports Club have taken the Palace and Grand Hotel des Alpes, and are overflowing into the Hotels Jungfrau, Regina, and Eiger. All these hotels are full for the weeks immediately after Christmas.

The Oxford and Cambridge Ice Hockey match will probably be played one day in the week before Christmas, and the teams are to be entertained at the Palace Hotel.

The Roberts of Kandahar Cup for long distance ski-ing will be



contested for during the season under the auspices of the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club, which is arranging other interesting fixtures. The newly appointed secretary of the club, Major the Hon. Neville Lytton, O.B.E., will be at Mürren during the season.

The Public Schools Alpine Sports Club's headquarters will be at Wengen.

Coming to the Valais, we find that Morgins, which was before the War a favourite centre for

(Continued on page 978)

Capital !—

BOTH LOOKING EQUALLY—

—and Labour

—CHEERFUL FOR A CHANGE!

BY ARTHUR FERRIER

CURLING AT ST. MORITZ

WINTER SPORTS (concluded)

skating in the English style, will maintain its reputation this winter. Villars, Château d'Oex, Adelboden, and other centres, will also be open and are expecting a good season.

No one need be deterred from visiting Switzerland this winter by anxieties about food. The food supply is excellent, and the hotel proprietors have been able to secure sufficient fuel to meet their requirements. Prices, of course, have risen in much the same proportion as in England, and cheap railway tickets are things of the past. The railway companies are giving no concessions this year as, in view of the difficulties of the reconstruction period, they are more anxious to restrain than to develop traffic.

The principal travel organisations are, however, doing all that is possible to promote the comfort of their clients, and (apart from the chapter of accidents) travellers leaving London at 8 a.m. will be able to reach their destinations in Switzerland the following afternoon.

As the trains are necessarily crowded owing to the shortage of rolling stock, passengers are advised not to burden themselves and inconvenience their fellow-travellers by taking unduly numerous and bulky packages into the carriages, but to register their luggage, and to do with as little as possible. Passengers to Mürren and Wengen may register luggage through from Boulogne to Interlaken.

TOBOGANNING AT WENGEN

Photographs *Central News*

"SCOOTER" TOBOGGANS AT MÜRREN

It should be noted that the Bernese Alps Railway, in addition to such places as Adelboden and Wengen mentioned above, also touches Gstaad, Kandersteg, and Grindelwald. At all these places winter sports are in full swing, and at St. Moritz, too, a full season is promised right up to March. Then there are Engelberg and Davos, and Zuos in the Engadine, and particulars of all these places, as to best routes, hotel accommodation, and the various sports available at each, can be obtained from the official agency, the Swiss Federal Railways, Carlton House, 11b, Regent Street, S.W. 1.

A Winter's Tale

Having been born within a stone's-throw of the Equator, I am irrevocably endowed with a passion for chutney and a hatred of icebergs and influenza, and cannot revel in that humid catastrophe known in England as winter—hence I am unable to speak with authority on Winter Sports

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"A TOUCH

OF FROST"

BY WILMOT LUNT

A Remarkable Instance of Quick Skating

GENTLEMAN LEAVES HIS SHADOW BEHIND

BY HEATH ROBINSON

The Bystander IN PARIS

"STE. CATHERINE'S DAY" *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"And the 'petites mains' sew so exquisite bonnes"

MES AMIS—

THIS year I have worn the bonnet of Sainte Catherine. It is a great confession that I make to tell you so. Do you know what it means? It is that I am become twenty-five years old and am not yet married. Always the girls in France have the fear to wear the bonnet of Sainte Catherine and become old maids, but this year there have been very many, because in the five years of the War our men have been so busy they have not occupied themselves to marry.

EVERY girl tries so hard to keep that her age will be a great secret, but there is always someone who tells. In the shops of the great dressmakers they make of it a ceremony, and the *petites mains* sew so exquisite bonnets for the older ones who are arrived at the great age to be a quarter of a century. Then on the day of Sainte Catherine they present to the poor girls their bonnets and a bouquet of the buds of the orange blossom, and they must wear them all the day and be taken in a procession.

AND there is so dreadful a penalty. If one shall meet a man he has the right to kiss the girl who wears the bonnet!

IT has been Lucile and Marguerite who have remembered how I have had twenty-five years at my last birthday, and they have made very secretly a beautiful bonnet of lace. Oh, they have been of a great discretion. They have never mentioned how the day of Sainte Catherine would soon arrive, and I have tried so hard to forget. I have thought how Lucile was occupied to have a party of our friends to *déjeuner* on the day, which is the 25th of November, and I have been pleased that she should forget, because it is not very nice that everyone should know how one grows old.

BUT she has not forgotten. It has been to play a trick on me that she has asked our friends. When they were all come and we have waited that one should serve the *déjeuner*, Lucile and Marguerite have come beside me and put the bonnet on my head and the bouquet of orange blossom in my hand.

HOW I have blushed, because, you know, Édouard and Philippe and Monsieur d'Esteral have been of our *invités*, and they are too gallant, even when one is so old as twenty-five, to refuse to take of their privilege on the day of Sainte Catherine. And I have not known whether I should be very cross or glad to be so treated, and because they have known before why Lucile has given the party, and they have all brought me little caps with presents to make a fête.

"I have worn the bonnet of Sainte Catherine"

BUT after one has recovered to be cross that one has been discovered, it is good fun to be a bride of Sainte Catherine, because it is like to be a real bride, and all the young girls are jealous that one has so much success, and they do not know whether they will prefer to be married soon or to have the fun that for one day they can make the flirt without that anyone shall blame them.

AFTER our party we have all gone to a

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

thé tango to dance, and there have been so many who have worn the little bonnet like me, but I have thought that mine was the prettiest of all because Lucile has made it with the same lace that has been the bonnet of our great aunt when she has been a Catherinette in the time of the Second Empire. In that time how it has been a very sad business to be so old and not to have succeeded to have a husband, but now it has seemed to see so many bonnets that all the girls in Paris have this year twenty-five years. But perhaps it has been that there have been some who have come to the dance who have wished to pretend that they were Catherinettes for the first time. Philippe said how he was sure some of them had worn the bonnet twenty years ago, and were trying to begin all over again and reform their lives.

I HAVE noticed how it was always those who have been longest without husbands who have seemed most to like that the gentlemen should have the privilege to kiss them. I am not of them critical. Oh, no, to French girl it is sad to see a *vielle jeune fille*. One is glad that she shall have the kisses on one day of the year, because it must be very sad and hurtful to the pride that one should pass the life without ever to be kissed and to know a little the joy to be desired. Perhaps, my English friends, you will say how it is not very modest to speak so, but it is very honest, and you know it is the idea of French people that English girls are not so honest to make the love, they enjoy best to do it what you say "on the sly," and to be ashamed that they should admit to like it.

AND now I must make to you another confession. I have worn the bonnet of Sainte Catherine, but I shall not again wear it. Next year I will not make the pretence that I am still twenty-five. And this is the reason that I confess: Someone has demanded of my brother Frédéric, who is the head of our family, that I shall marry him. Frédéric has felt very important. He has swelled out the chest and said "Diable!" Then I think he has remembered how I have said always that I would not marry myself unless my lover should ask me in the English fashion. So he has said: "*Mon vieux*, it is not my affair. Go and ask her."

"And there is so dreadful a penalty"

"They have all brought me little caps, with presents"

HE has thought he was very clever, the poor Frédéric, and we have not told him how we have been very English, "on the sly," before that we have asked his consent. It has been only yesterday it happened, and it is still a little my secret. So, my friends, I shall not tell you more. *À la semaine prochaine!*

Your friend,

AGNÈS

"Safely Round!"

Here we have a Christiania girl shooting the famous "cork-screw" toboggan run on ski. The sharp curves are built up in the same fashion as are those of the Brooklands racing track, and the slightest error in steering is enough to send one over the edge, crashing into the pine trees below

BY ARTHUR WATTS

The Bystander Back in Berlin

"A CIVIL CITY."

BERLIN roars, chuckles, cavorts, gallops, guzzles; Berlin sulks, pouts; Berlin sometimes sulks and pouts till nine in the evening, and then, in the sharp contrasting way first analysed by philosopher Hegel, it goes into wild paroxysms of roaring, chuckling, cavorting, galloping, guzzling. Never did war-whacked city hang so undecidedly between opposing worlds—the world of ineffectual regrets, of unsettling, disastrous dreads, and the world of hell-rake levity based on the tedious conviction that Prussic life is going soon to be very sad and bad, and that we'd best make the most of it while cash, health, dance-palaces, bars, cabarets, and all the other jovial premonitors of national dissolution last.

THE once-happy Berlin Bystander has now for fourteen super-studious days been the melancholy Bystander-Back-in-Berlin. He has patrolled his own haunts; seen enemies where he once saw friends (though polite enough the enemies were); eaten goat-flesh sausage at the *Kaiser*-Cellar (name unchanged) where he formerly chewed luscious mixed grill; drunk a sunburned but grimly unintoxicating ale where he once joyously gulped down bubbling *Schultheiss*, and experienced—so to speak vicariously—all the post-war miseries of a defeated nation. He has been—as a cynic observer naturally—at a *palais de danse*; at half-a-dozen flaunting five o'clock tea-hops; at Shaw's *Doctor's Dilemma*; and (in tow of an ex-policeman, who declared he liked his new job best) at two of the naughty world city's wildest night haunts. And he has seen strange things.

WHAT has he not seen? He saw a well-built Prussic gent with a corps. student's scar on his jaw, weeping in all the lachrymose intemperance of Henkell Trocken at Germany's ruin; and he saw another Prussic gent in the livelier intemperance of schnaps, gripping affectionately an intruding Serb; and forcing him to drink perdition to kaisers, kings, diplomats, governments, Bolshevics, pacifists and jingoes; and to vow that schnaps, cognac, sea-green Chartreuse and *der gute englische Whisky* are the only meritorious things surviving on the abandoned earth.

YET one's ultimate impression after a fortnight is that war-sat-on Berolina is a depressed and tattered *frau*. Unlicked citizens who never ventured out of doors under Wilhelm the Wicked's well-drilling, well-washing Autocracy, teem in the streets; the old *smartisch* Junkers, who shopped in the Leipzigerstrasse, has made way for a drab, distempered, lower-middle-class mob in weird overcoats of rough, corded textiles—probably spun wrapping paper—and in cellulose collars kept clean with morning soap. At the railway stations the change is most marked. Where formerly podgy, blond and rosy porters carried your bag as if it was a newborn babe, and thanked you effusively for sixpence, now you meet dwarfed, yellow, unfed, and unwashed loungers—parodies of our own Whitechapel—who run odd jobs, steal odd handbags, cadge, whine, make themselves a nuisance to everyone, and expect at least five marks for their heavy un-work.

THEY are civil. All Berlin is painfully civil; the Prussic policeman, who, not being a civilian but a gruff non-com. by training, had no need to be civil, has disappeared; the post-office bureaucratlet, who used to bang down his *schalter* rudely in your face, has become obsequiously polite. But the impression is ugly. Instead of uncourteous, but drilled, tough, competent and industrious individuals, one sees a nation down at heels: too depressed to be offensive, and too hungry—probably—for hard work. Berlin moves at snail's pace. Trams crawl; trains dally at stations; telegrams take three days. The shop Wertheim sends the Bystander-Back-in-Berlin's purchases home after a week; from the newspaper to which you subscribe comes the first copy after ten days; and the municipal card bureaucrat takes so long to send along your bread-cards that for at least the first fortnight you dine solely on oysters.

THAT is the dead side. The live side is precisely the opposite. It consists of over-dressed, overfed, gluttonous, lavish, war-profiteers (*Kriegsgewinnler*), who strew money round because they are fabulously rich; and of equally magnificent persons who strew money round because they know they will always be poor. They dance, drink, gamble, squabble. The open card-playing that a year ago flourished at street-corners has now ceased, but gambling rages elsewhere; every night at the corner of Behrenstrasse, Jaegerstrasse, Französischestrasse (this "French Street" keeps its impious name, as does the "English Café" in the Kurfuerstendamm), you are accosted with invitations to repair to a gambling-hell, and promised incalculable baccarat wealth. Yes, Mein Herr, even poker if, as I think, you are *ein Amerikaner*. Martial law still governs Berlin; and every night the mild, unhelmeted policemen grab fifty or sixty citizens from a gambling hell, and take them to a police-station. But an hour later they are released, and the baccarat—yes, and poker, if you are an American, *mein Herr*, goes on harder than ever.

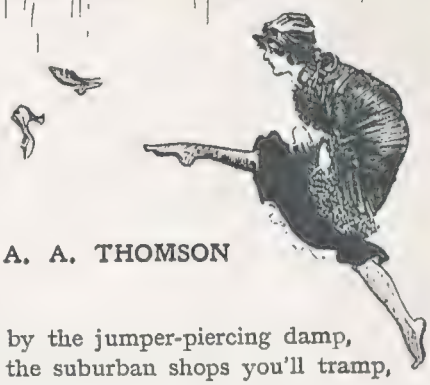
BERLIN is orderly at present. It is also comfortable—at present—if you are either a war-profiteer or one of those fortunate Britons who get 165 marks for their pounds!

"My Lady of the Snows"

Photograph *Ward Muir*

Suitably clad in knickerbockers for the sport of ski-ing, this young woman has mounted to a point near Villars, preparatory to a descent towards the valley. She is looking across the Valley of the Rhone, whence the mists are rising, and beyond it, in the distance, can be seen the Dent du Midi

THE PASSIONATE WINTER-SPORTSMAN TO HIS LOVE



By A. A. THOMSON

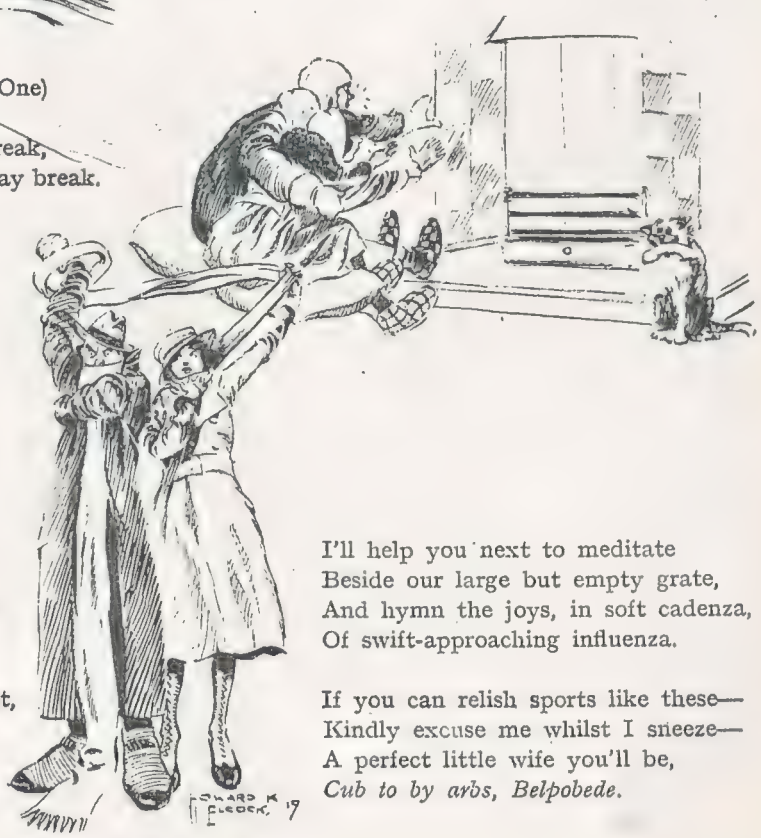
MELPOMENE, Melpomene,
Come forth and plight your troth with me;
Defy the cold and frost and rime,
And be my bride in wintertime.

For I can offer many sorts
Of brisk, exhilarating sports,
And give you, in default of coal,
The warmth of an impassioned soul.

Chilled by the jumper-piercing damp,
Round the suburban shops you'll tramp,
And ponder, when the frost is cruel,
The rocket-soaring price of fuel.

n spite of what the poet sings,
Chaps you will have instead of rings,
And—take it from a man who knows—
Chilblains, not bells, upon your toes.

I'll show you (Pastime Number One)
How to appreciate the fun
Of hoping that, soon after daybreak,
The ice in our small bathroom may break.



I'll teach you the intrinsic spree
Of drinking naught but lukewarm tea,
And tell you what remarks to make on
Cast-iron toast and frozen bacon.

You'll learn, each morning after breakfast,
In sodden scarf to wrap your neck fast,
And with a courage great as Foch's
To struggle into wet goloshes.

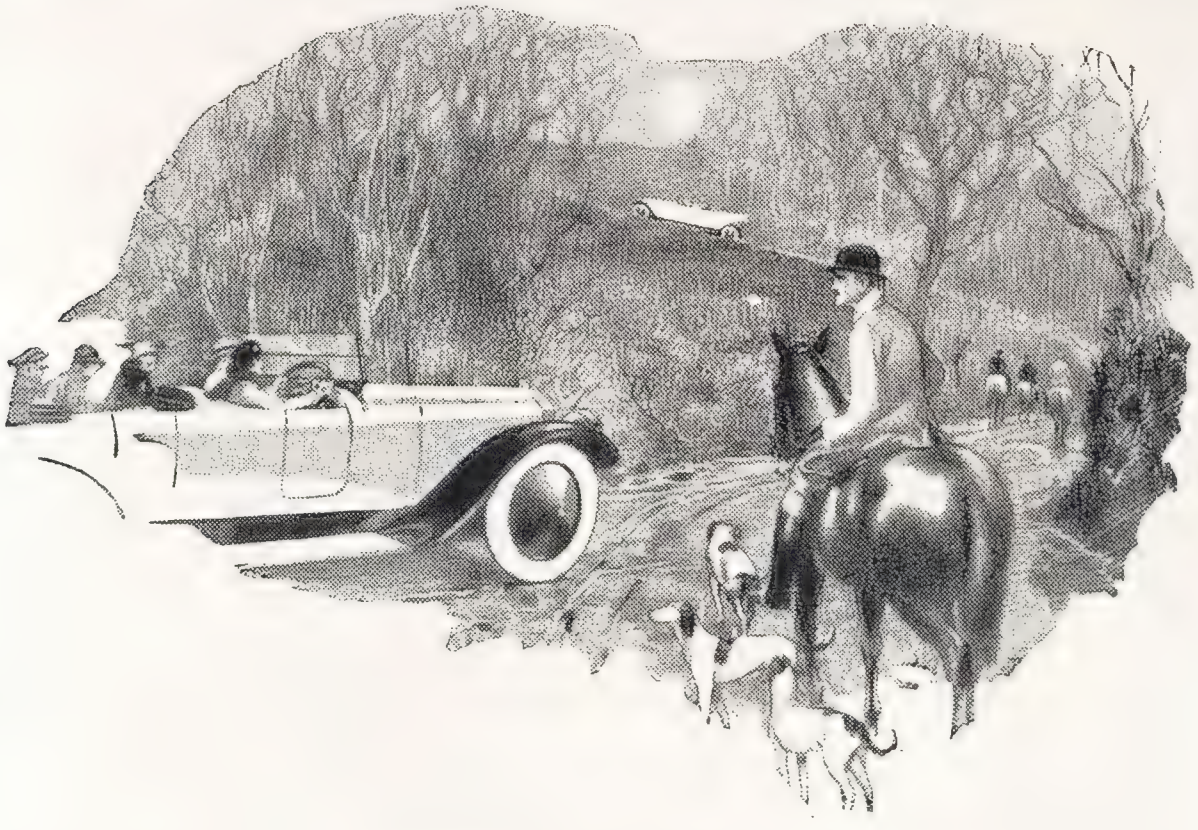
I'll help you next to meditate
Beside our large but empty grate,
And hymn the joys, in soft cadenza,
Of swift-approaching influenza.

If you can relish sports like these—
Kindly excuse me whilst I sneeze—
A perfect little wife you'll be,
Cub to by arbs, Belpobede.

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"CHECKMATE!"

BY LIONEL EDWARDS



"HOUNDS ran into their fox fifteen miles from home—

But the car with its built-for-service Dunlop tyres ate up the miles and we were home almost before the light failed."

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TRADE MARK.

Monte Carlo while you Wait

By
C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

Illustrated by PIZER

II.—Double Dozen and the Devil

WHAT Dolores Macadean didn't know about Monte Carlo and Roulette wasn't worth knowing. But what she did know was ruinous.

That was what Sir Berrian Borrodaile said when she explained the various methods of play which formed her past experience.

She was rich (you know that soft, cushy richness achieved from jute), but during four former visits to Monte Carlo she had lost so heavily that she had become depressed.

"I vowed—or *almost* vowed—I'd never set foot in Monte again," she told Borrodaile. "One side of me *quite* vowed; the Glasgow side, from mother. But father was half Highland, half Spanish, That side told me I would come, and I *couldn't* resist that delicious 'ad' of yours in the *Times* Personal Column for 'paying guests interested in the noble game of Roulette.' So here I *am*."

And Berry Borrodaile was inwardly inclined to wish that here she wasn't.

Not that Mrs. Macadean was not charming. She was, very. It was almost too much for one woman to be so rich, so handsome, and lovable as well. Borrodaile had picked the four strangers amongst his six guests from their characteristic answers to his advertisement. But because he liked this one so much he was secretly sorry she'd come.

She was as Spanish in looks as her name of "Dolores" was Spanish in sound. Tall, with the figure of Venus at twenty-five (an old-fashioned figure this year, when you mayn't have more bust or hips than a snake), sad dark eyes, and red lips that drooped even when she smiled. She was sorrowful by name and temperamental by nature; sympathetic with everyone else who was sad; easily influenced by people and her own moods.

Borrodaile had engaged to teach the guests at "Roc Azur" systems with which they could, if not beat the bank, give it a good spanking in its efforts to beat them. He'd advertised also to suit "systems to temperaments," and he was sure that Dolores Macadean's temperament needed soothing. He proposed to launch her upon a smart little system on the simple chances, which he called "The Vanity Fair," and the name appealed to the lady, but not the game.

"Oh, I'd be bored stiff playing that!" she objected. "As for the *Biffer* you've taught Mr. Coneybeare, it would addle my brain in the first hour. No, I must go for *numbers en plein*. I've always played that way."

"And you've always lost," Barry reminded her.

"Well, yes. But you can give me a *system*. I merely splashed."

"You're the last person who ought to 'splash,'" said Berry. "You must——."

"Nasty word, 'must!'" Mrs. Macadean cut in. "No one's used it to me for four years—since my poor husband died. *I* play for fun!"

"Is it fun to lose?"

"No-o. But——"

"Maybe you could get her to play dozens?" The suggestion came from Borrodaile's *fiancée*, who would have been his wife by this time if a jealous woman hadn't contrived that she should remain Rosaleen Malone. A *girl* was necessary to the house-party as a mascot, and Rosaleen was the only girl!

This was still early days at the Monte Carlo villa, thrown open for Berry's Great Scheme, and Rosaleen was urging Coneybeare to extra efforts, planning to share his success. But as official mascot she strove to shed her rays upon all members of the party. It was for Berry's benefit that they should be kept

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

content; and if a crumpled roseleaf showed its nose, Miss Malone sat on it.

"Dozens! Why, yes, she might compromise on the dozens! *They're* not dull." Borrodaile seized the straw held out. "Mrs. Macadean, I could give you thrills with a system I have on two dozens at once, but you couldn't play alone. It would take an expert to do that, and——"

"I *am* an expert!" Dolores announced. "What anyone can do at Roulette, I can do. I don't say the same for Trente et Quarante: the play's too quick. But you show me what to do, and I'll show you I can *do* it!"

This was in the garden of Roc Azur, where everyone had been breakfasting late in warm sunshine; and when the table was cleared Berry demonstrated the 'Double Dozen" with a miniature Roulette wheel, cloth and counters, which Dolores found easier for study than the Roulette watch. The rest of the party looked on for a few minutes; but by this time each guest had his or her system in working order, and was eager to rush to the Casino, the Sporting Club not being open till afternoon.

Borrodaile was surprised at Mrs. Macadean's smartness in picking up the directions of a complicated, if not difficult game. She hadn't boasted without reason. Still, he was not easy in his mind. He was proud of his systems, and anxious that they should be played for all they were worth. Besides, there was the personal equation. Roc Azur would become an abode of gloom if anyone there should suffer serious defeat, and Berry as host was keen that this shouldn't happen. Dolores' pale olive face was flushed with pride in her own cleverness. After half-an-hour's work she could shut her eyes and repeat verbatim the figures on the table or *Barême* of 21 coups which Sir Berrian had written for her reference; and she was letter perfect in the verbal directions.

"You can play this game on a single dozen, and it's very good. With two you have one advantage; they can't both be 'shy' for long. But you must stick to the two you've selected, and not chop and change because you think the dozen you're not on is better.

"On the average each dozen should appear with every third spin of the wheel; but equally, of course, it doesn't, and one of yours may be the worst of the three. In that case, the other you're on *may* be the best!

'On this game, with a five franc piece for your unit of play (with a higher unit you might get near the maximum), you want 4,000 francs, playing on a single dozen; yet you should take with you only a thousand francs, to be safe from temptation to 'splash.' With two players you must have double that, as though you had two separate capitals instead of one.

"The *Barême* is written for play on a single dozen. But that's because the double game must be worked as if partners sat side by side, playing singly, each using a complete capital. And two heads are better than one at it. The calculation's heavy for one brain, though it's possible!

"Follow religiously the scale of figures set down. Place the gradually mounting stakes on each of the dozens selected; and immediately you win on one, mark on your Roulette card the amount of money you've picked up. A glance at column three of the *Barême* will tell whether at that moment you're out of pocket or in. If either one of the dozens you're chasing is so shy as not to show for twelve consecutive spins, you've lost (see column 3) just 36 units. You cut short the progression at this point on the bad dozen, and begin again with stake No. 1. In this way, when the game's against you, your losses keep down.

"If, however, in the course of the first twelve spins one of your dozens appears once or more, you play for it on the higher figures of your progression, in order to seize big wins when the 'going' is good! You can learn at any instant the 'state of the poll' by adding together all the wins you've jotted down, and deducting from their total the figure in column 3.

"At first you *must* be prudent. Stop when you've won from thirty to forty units in a series on either dozen, and begin again at the bottom. But, by and by, if you've won a good deal from the Bank, you can afford to be bolder, and follow the progression high. Then it is that the game grows thrilling! But as a rule, even so, it's best to stop after the big haul that two consecutive wins towards the top of the *Barême* will give. The whole idea is to break for small sums, and grasp big ones when the game's in your favour.

"If, despite the protection against runs of bad luck which you have by taking two dozens you lose two thousand francs or so, stop for the day. There are plenty of coups in the future. Why hurry? To-morrow will repay you."

THE TABLE OR BARÊME

Order of Stake.	Amount of Stake.	Sum of losing Stakes.	Amount of win including Stake.
1	1	1	3
2	1	2	3
3	1	3	3
4	1	4	3
5	2	6	6
6	2	8	6
7	3	11	9
8	3	14	9
9	4	18	12
10	5	23	15
11	6	29	18
12	7	36	21
13	10	46	30
14	15	61	45
15	20	81	60
16	25	106	75
17	35	141	105
18	50	191	150
19	70	261	210
20	100	361	300
21	150	511	450

Mrs. Macadean seemed perfectly prepared; nevertheless Berry had qualms concerning the combination—the lady's Temperament plus System. If she were excited now, what would she be at the Tables?

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

Should she lose her head, she'd lose her money as well; and then would blame him, with heart if not with tongue.

As a matter of fact, he had two higher *Barêmes*, to be played only with winnings. But he dared not mention these to Dolores. If he did, she'd doubtless begin with the highest!

"Anyhow," he consoled himself, "if she keeps her wits she can win—which she never has yet. So there it *is*! And I shall have done her a good turn."

Down went his spirits, however, when they'd walked from the villa up to the Rock of Old Monaco and round its beautiful hanging gardens, then to the Casino, for ozone and exercise. Mrs. Macadean wouldn't let him sit by her and act as partner in the game! It made her nervous, she said, to have him watch and criticise.

"I know you *mean* well," she excused herself, 'and it's kind of you to care. But that's *it!* You care too much. It's like having a surgeon to operate whose hands are trembling with anxiety. I shouldn't mind a strange partner—no, not if he were the *devil!*—Yet I couldn't play with *you*. And that's meant for a compliment."

"Well—your blood be on your own head!" growled Berry. "Though, of course, I hope it *won't* be! It wouldn't be as becoming as that jolly *toque*."

The others of the house-party had drifted to different tables in the big Salle Schmidt. Dolores was in the red-carpeted room leading out of it—the room of the "Three Graces"—or "The Three Disgraces," as the fresco is sometimes called. Borrodaile—very jumpy for the temperamental widow—hovered in the offing, where he might, if worst came to worst, rush to the rescue.

For a moment, Mrs. Macadean had an empty chair on each side of her; but she had no more than changed four thousand franc notes (twice what Berry advised!) when a man dropped into the seat at her right.

This person did not appear to take notice of Dolores. He did not even begin to play, but having produced a small sheaf of hundred-franc notes from a pocket, sat staring at the wheel as it went round. Berry stood opposite, though at a distance, and—*funny* thing that! Dolores had said she "wouldn't mind the devil" sitting next to her. This fellow would have made an excellent model for an up-to-date Nevinson sort of devil.

Now Dolores suddenly plunged full tilt into the game, and—oh, horror, had she forgotten, or was she doing it out of sheer obstinate recklessness? She wasn't using a five-franc unit, but a louis!

Borrodaile knew the game so well that even where he was, behind a growing barrage of women's hats, he was able to follow every move she made. At first she played correctly (though with the forbidden unit), and while one of her dozens went badly the other she'd chosen was the best of the three. She was "on" the first and third dozens. The first sulked; but she won so brilliantly on the third that her takings heaped high.

"Introduction to Borrodaile"

With all his might Berry willed Mrs. Macadean to recall his advice, and stop when the good dozen had yielded her a reasonable harvest. But he might as well have willed a Mistral to stop blowing as this woman to be prudent at the tables.

As he feared, instead of stopping on both dozens to begin the game again, she soared towards the top figure. Luck suddenly failed the triumphant third dozen; yet she ran after it with big stakes. Apparently she was completely "rattled." No longer

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

did she make the slightest attempt to follow the rules. In fact, she seemed to play against them, without consulting the *Barême*; and it was this moment of ill-fortune that Mephistopheles chose for copying her *coups*.

Borrodaile burned to warn, to comfort, and command, but felt that things had gone too far for him to be of use. He would utterly upset Mrs. Macadean by appearing like an unsummoned Genie at her side. She had lost her winnings and half her capital. She might as well go on and lose what was left.

As he thus reflected, he became aware that Dolores and the Devil were in conversation.

* * * * * * * *

It was the woman who began.

Seeing her neighbour stake as she had staked, Dolores flashed him a surprised glance. People often followed a successful punter, but this person waited till luck had deserted her.

The pale, mask-like face attracted her attention. It was Mephistophelian. Or was it sardonic because it was tragic?

Dolores could be so tragic herself that the tragedy of others opened in her heart well-springs of compassion. She spoke before she stopped to think. "Oh, don't follow *me!* I'll bring you bad luck."

"Thanks for warning me," said the man. "I want bad luck."

"That's the queerest thing I ever heard," she gasped.

"For me it is not queer, but natural," was the answer. Mephistopheles spoke correct English, yet he was not English. He had the mysterious sadness in his green eyes that only Poles or Serbians have.

"It is time to stake for the next spin," he reminded his neighbour;

Dolores shook her head. "I can't!" she sighed. "I've lost count. If you play my system, you must work it yourself. Here's the *Barême*. Play for me, too, will you?"

"But *I* am playing to lose."

"I don't care!" flashed Dolores. "If you lose for yourself, lose for me. Go on till we're cleared out. At this rate it won't be long."

The man's jade-coloured eyes gleamed under bent brows. He stared at the *Barême*, and seemed interested. "This is neat," he remarked. "Why didn't you keep to it?"

"I couldn't."

"Well, I despise systems," said Mephistopheles. "This one *looks* ingenious, but it can be no better than the rest, so why should we not obey its rules? It may amuse you, since we don't wish to win, to see in what manner it will make us lose."

"I think I ought to have been *here*," Dolores explained, pointing to the first column of the *Barême*, where "Amount of Stake" was marked. "Somewhere below the 12th stake on the third dozen, because I should have cut my loss and gone down, and somewhere about the 17th on the first dozen, which has been luring me to disaster like a will-o'-the-wisp."

Mephistopheles staked according to rules, and as he staked, he laughed. "Watch the system fail. See how we shall win on the low side and lose on the high. And that—for myself—is what I want."

But he was no prophet. The high side won.

"Ah, that won't happen again," he said. "Your rules bid you play high, when you're winning—yes? And try with big stakes for a win to repeat? I will do that. A low bet again for the third dozen; a high one for a repetition on the first. On that our bet is now fifty louis. We shall lose."

They did not. The first dozen came again. Mephistopheles picked up notes and counters to the tune of a hundred and fifty louis.

Dolores' "Glasgow side" awoke. "Always go down after winning a repeat," she urged.

"I will do so for *you*," said the man. "Not for myself. My high bet is to be again for the first dozen, for dozens do not often show long runs. This is bound to break."

A gesture from Dolores ordered him to place her money with his. "As you play I play. We are partners now," she breathed.

Berry, who had worked round the table till he stood behind Dolores' chair instead of opposite, was bursting to "butt in." Yet he did not. There are some things which you simply don't *do* at Monte Carlo! Mrs. Macadean was, after all, her own mistress. Devil the stranger might be, but he had the air of being also gentleman. He hadn't persuaded the lady to risk her money. Persuasion came from the other side.

The run continued, for the first dozen was doing its mathematical best to make up the lost average. Mephistopheles went on feeding it big stakes, in serious obedience to the rule "play high while the game's good," though persistence at this stage mocked prudence, and accorded only with his wild wish to lose. Each *coup* he was being paid the maximum, therefore he was forced to flat stakes, abandoning the progression. He *could* not lose! The partners had won so much, it was impossible to count their winnings.

"This is a nightmare!" the strange man groaned. "I can play no more, madame. I must go. The money is yours."

"Only half," Dolores amended.

"But I wish you to have all."

"I'll not take it," she protested. "I'll go with you. We'll halve the winnings. We might sit in the restaurant and order an *apéritif*, so we can lay our money out on one of the little tables."

To refuse would be an insult; and this Devil was not the type of devil who insult women.

The two rose, carrying their spoils, and side by side walked into the restaurant, just opened.

"But we are *rich!*" gasped Dolores to her partner, when they had divided their gains.

These were handsome enough, it appeared, to surprise and perhaps even to please Mephistopheles.

"This system is not without interest," he muttered. "It has possibilities." The man looked thoughtful.

(Continued on page 1012)

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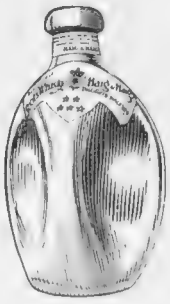

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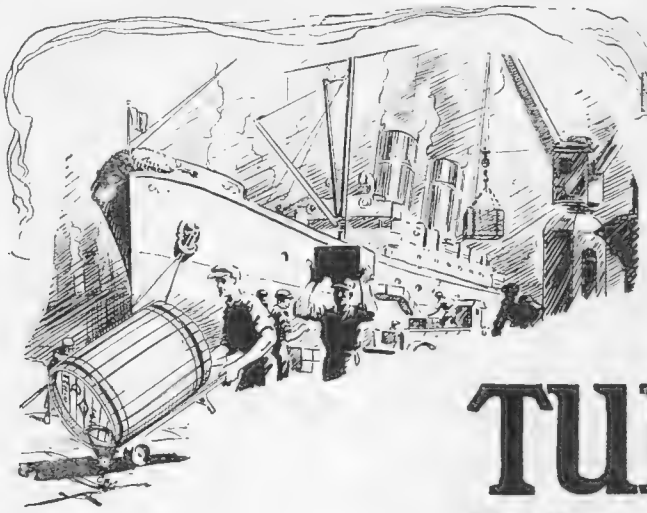

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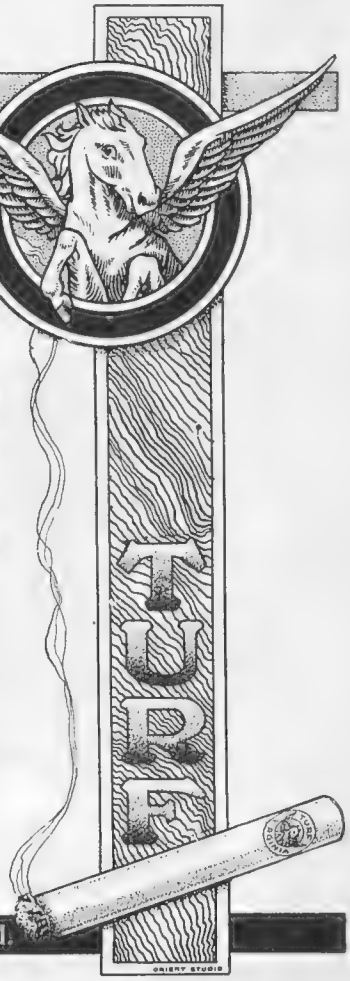

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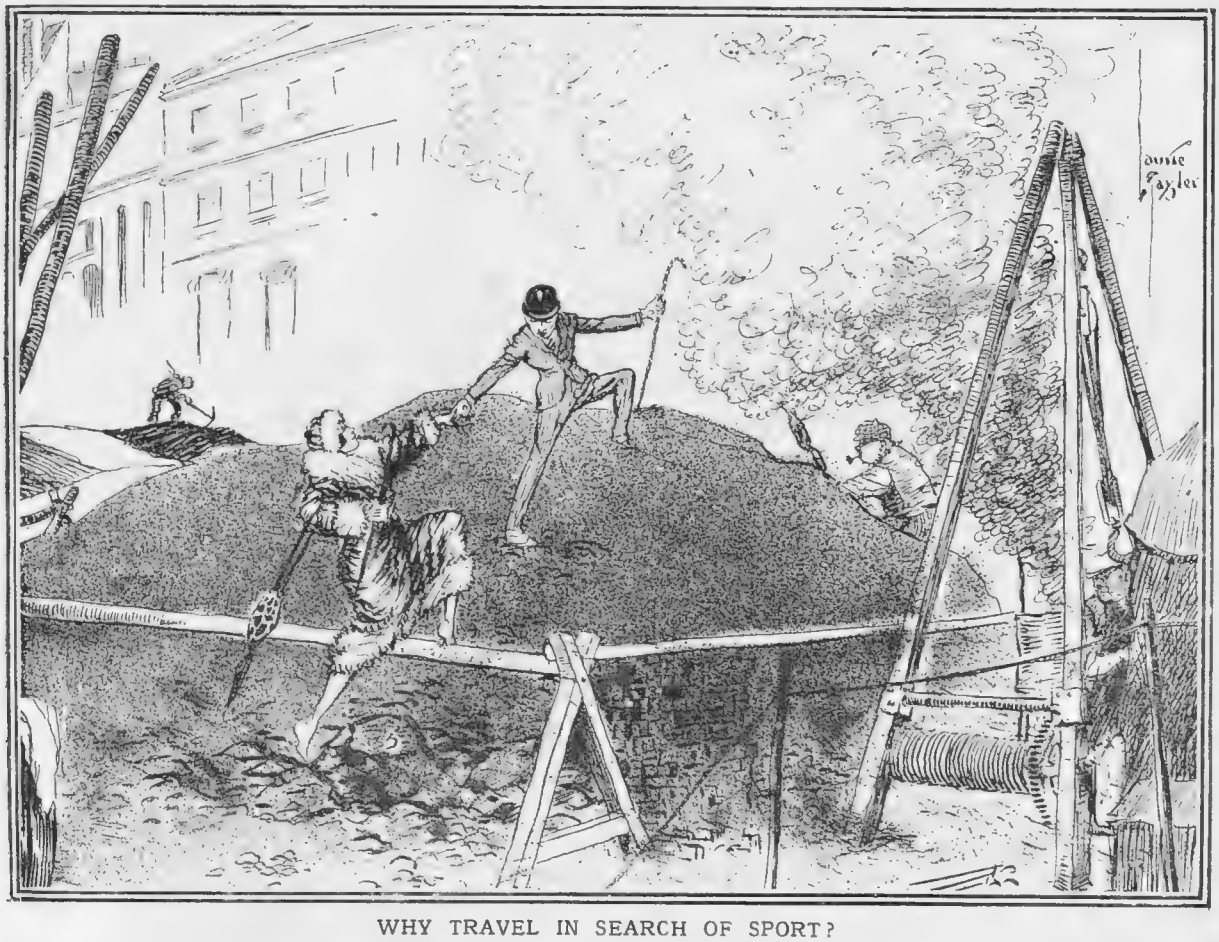
Winter Sports at Home, 1919—1920

CHASING COAL IN THE COAL CELLAR

By W. E. Wigfull



WHY TRAVEL IN SEARCH OF SPORT?

Almost any London thoroughfare contains all the elements of Alpine climbing with volcanic heating thrown in

By Laurie Taylor

"A Right-Down Regular Royal" Rugger Match

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE AT QUEEN'S CLUB

Some impressions of last week's stirring encounter when, in the presence of King George and Prince Henry, Cambridge won, perhaps somewhat luckily, by seven points (a dropped goal and a penalty goal) to five points (a goal from a try)

By PHYLLIS KERMODE

THE 'VARSITY "SOCCER" MATCH

A draw of two goals all was the result of this encounter at Queen's Club on Wednesday last. The football was not particularly brilliant, but it was a hard game, played at a rattling pace, and well worth going to see

By Phyllis Kermode

Sports and Pastimes

FOOTBALL

The 'Varsity "Rugger" Match

I THINK it may fairly be said that Cambridge were lucky to win the 'Varsity "Rugger" match. It is a canon of Rugby football that a team must abide by its accidents, and that it is a mistake, as a general rule, to lay too much stress on the fact that one side or the other has a man injured in the course of the game. One knows, too, that many a match (including the 'Varsity match) has been won by the side which finished up a man, or even two men, short. But there are cases, when the two teams are quite evenly matched, where the loss of a man means a great deal, and I think that last week's encounter was one of them.

Oxford's Ill-luck

OXFORD, when F. A. Waldock, their stand-off half-back, had to go off at half-time, were not thereby very appreciably weakened behind the scrummage, for Price, who is one of those useful people who can play anywhere, filled his place adequately, whilst Havard (a reserve forward, by the way, who only came into the team at the last moment) did all that was required of him *vice* Price at full-back. But it was in the struggle between the forwards that the difference was felt. Up to half-time, with their full complement, the Oxford forwards had rather the best of it, and for some time after this their seven held their own against the Cambridge eight, but as the game went on the effort involved proved too much for them. The Cambridge eight gradually got the mastery, and this prevented the Oxford backs from making use of the superiority in attack which, I think, they had clearly established. If Oxford had had their eight forwards all through they would probably have won.

Photograph *Sport and General*

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"

J. E. Greenwood and E. G. Londoun-Shand, captains respectively of the Cambridge and Oxford Rugby fifteens, were presented to H.M. the King before their match on Tuesday last

The "Soccer" Match

IN the "Soccer" match next day, Cambridge were likewise just a shade lucky in escaping

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

defeat, although, paradoxical as the statement may seem, they played the more artistic football. But artistry is not everything, and the plainer and more straightforward methods of Oxford always made them look more dangerous when they started an attack—possibly because the Cambridge defence was not as sure as it was expected to be. Cambridge showed a preference for the short-passing game, confined mostly to the three inside forwards; Oxford adopted the simpler expedient of kicking well forward to their wings, and these tactics would have been much more successful if Hepburn on the right had realised the futility of always dodging in the same direction. On the left wing, Read was fast, full of enterprise, and worked like a black; he had a large share in the getting of Oxford's first goal, and scored the second unaided after a long run. Even allowing for the state of the ground, which was hard and at the same time greasy, the standard of the play all round was certainly not high. Both sides missed many easy chances, and once, in particular, the Oxford goal-keeper, in clearing, fell and dropped the ball when the Cambridge forwards were well up, but the resultant shot went quite wide. On the other hand, it was a hard, fast game, in which both sides went at it hammer-and-tongs from start to finish.

WINTER SPORTS

Ice-Hockey at Les Avants

APROPOS of the forthcoming revival of winter sports in Switzerland, and in view of the fact that this week THE BYSTANDER is giving special prominence to this revival, it is interesting to note that the International Ice-Hockey Tournament is to be resuscitated at Les Avants during the second week of January next year, and that Captain B. M. Patton, the well-known player, is already engaged upon the organisation of the English team. England won the International Cup in 1913 and 1914, so that should our team prove successful in January it will win the cup outright. It is expected that, in addition to England, Belgium, Bohemia, Switzerland, and possibly France will be represented. Any English players who are desirous of playing ice-hockey at Les Avants are recommended to communicate with Captain Patton at the Royal Automobile Club, S.W.1.

Photograph *Sport and General*

SPORT IN SWITZERLAND

A tobogganer on a "skeleton" descending the famous Cresta Run at St. Moritz, on which the "Grand National" Toboggan race is held

CRICKET

"As You Were"

THE decision to revert to three-day matches in the County Cricket Championship will be hailed universally, and particularly by those who take part in them, with rejoicing. The people who said all along that the two-day scheme was foredoomed to failure are, no doubt, justified in now saying, "There! I told you so," but all the same I do not think that the time spent on the experiment has been wholly wasted. So many people were obsessed with the speeding-up craze and with the belief that heroic measures would be necessary in order to restore cricket to its pre-war position, that it was necessary to put their theories to the test in some concrete form, otherwise we should never have heard the last of them. And since the experiment had got to be made there was no point in deferring it. To try it straight away was, moreover, to give it its best chance of success. As a matter of fact, the course of events soon proved that there was nothing the matter with cricket, either as regards the actual game itself or as regards its popularity, and henceforward lovers of the game will be able to carry on undisturbed by the well-meant efforts of the reformer. H.S.S.

Photograph *Central News*

AN ICE-HOCKEY MATCH AT MÜRREN

Ice-Hockey is one of the best of the many games which are played on the ice, and, as will be seen, is a favourite pastime with both sexes, who often engage in a "mixed" game. England holds the International Ice-Hockey Championship, which is to be revived in January at Les Avants

BY APPOINTMENT
JEWELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

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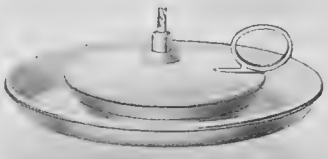

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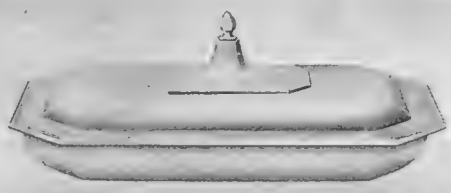

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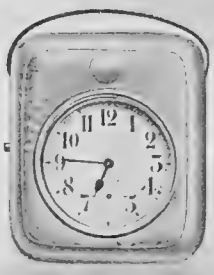

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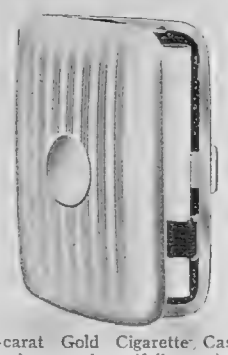

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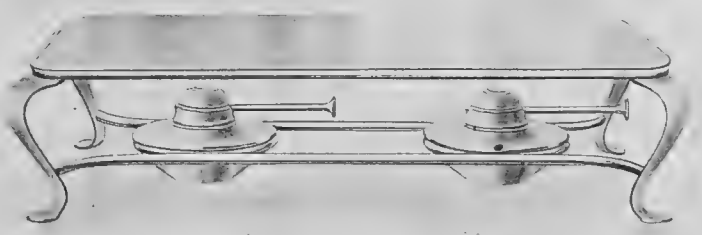

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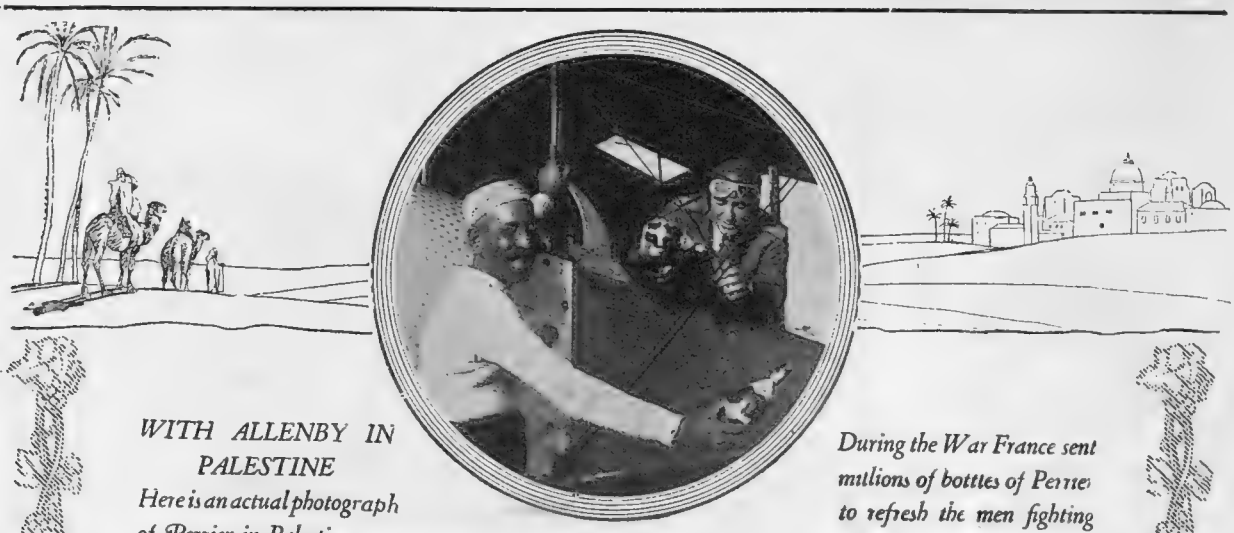

WITH ALLENBY IN PALESTINE
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By Appointment to
His Majesty the King
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And now Perrier is demobilised; shipments for every part of the world are again regular. This great natural product of France once again graces the tables of Hotels, Clubs and Restaurants, as it did before Armageddon.

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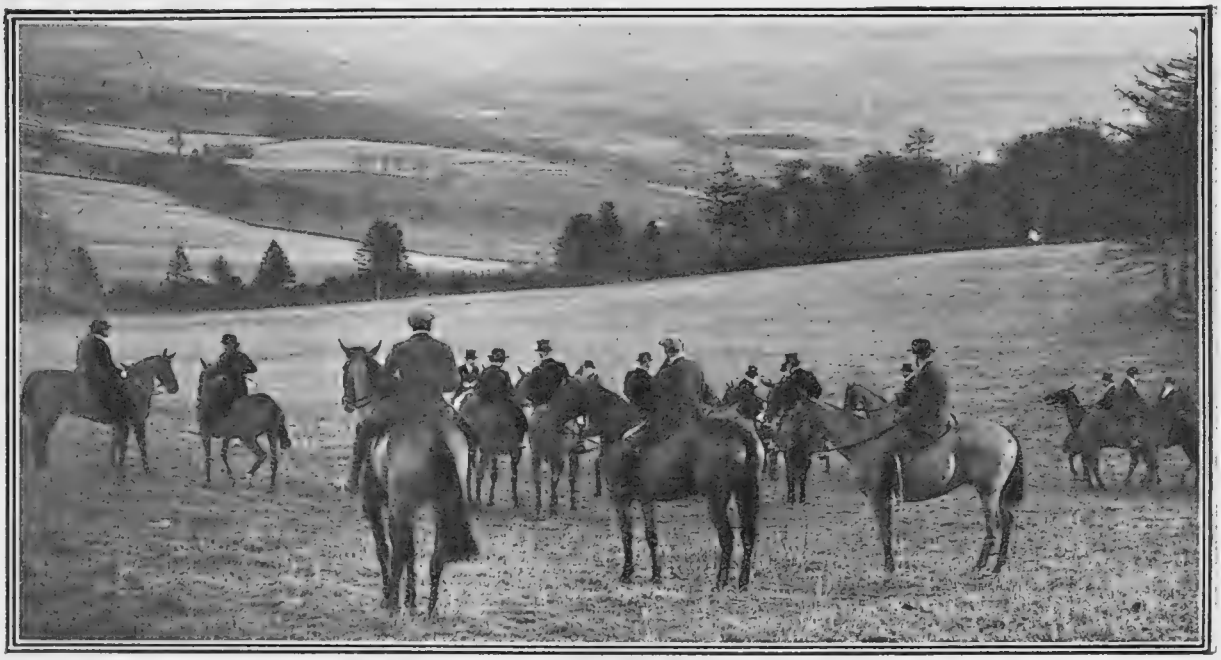


Photograph *Central News*

AT THE COVERTSIDE IN A FINE HUNTING COUNTRY

Some followers of the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds in their Teviotdale country, between the rivers Tweed and Teviot

By Field, Stream, & Covert

Hunting by Air

About a dozen years ago a well-known hunting writer put together a little story for one of the Christmas numbers. The hero was an aviator, who followed the hounds in an aeroplane and was "in at the death." Very amusingly done, the yarn raised many a laugh in hunting circles, but it was not taken seriously. How times have changed. Any flying man nowadays can get a good bird's-eye view of a hunting run and is able to mark the work of hounds to much better advantage than the mere horseman. One of our illustrations shows an aeroplane following the North Warwickshire Hounds to covert, but I imagine Masters and huntsmen are extremely desirous that fox-hunting by air should not become a practice. Your modern M.F.H. (as Mr. Lionel Edwards suggests in his delightful sketches this week) has quite sufficient to harass him without having the "stunts" of sporting airmen to afford further distraction. Huntsmen complain enough as it is of noise at the covertside, or in places where hounds check. It only wants the roar of a hefty Hispano-Suiza or 400 h.p. Rolls or the buzz of a 110 h.p. Le Rhone to complete the hubbub!

The Whaddon Chase

Much interest attaches to the meeting of the Whaddon Chase people this week. No fresh developments in this piquant affair have arisen since I wrote last week, except that the Committee of the Masters of Foxhounds Association have flatly declined to interfere in the dispute. Lord Lincolnshire, who has convened the important pow-wow at Aylesbury on Wednesday, is well qualified to take charge of the matter, being not only Lord Lieutenant of the county, but the largest landowner in the Whaddon Chase country. Of course, the fact that he has hitherto supported Lord Dalmeny and the Hunt Committee, of which he is a member, is commented on by those who favour Colonel Selby-Lowndes' cause; but, when all is said and done, somebody had to bring this lamentable squabble up for definite settlement, and Lord Lincolnshire deserves the thanks of the hunting community for what he has done. It is earnestly to be hoped that a decision will be arrived at which will lead to the hatchet being amicably buried.

Photograph *Sport and General*

CHATELAINES OF THE OLD BERKELEY HUNT

Mrs. R. B. Webber (left), wife of the former Master of the pack, and Lady Chesham (right), whose husband is now the M.F.H.

Sport in the Frost

We usually expect a spell of hard frost in the New Year, but such early interruptions as those to which hunting has lately been subjected are rather unusual. Fortunately, the stoppages have not been unduly prolonged so far, and the cessation of sport with

TWO KINGS AT A SHOOT

The King of Sweden, who recently entertained a shooting party, including the King of Denmark

BY FIELD, STREAM AND COVERT (concluded)

hounds last week was short-lived. Several packs, indeed, were not stopped at all, and at least one—the V.W.H. (Cricklade)—were able to show their followers a fine run on a day when the majority of meets had been cancelled. Meeting at Driffield, they found a good stock of foxes in the vicinity. One of them they hunted for three hours, and made a point of seven miles. Major W.F. Fuller, who is hunting these hounds again on his return from the War, maintains the reputation for good sport which he established in the early years of his Mastership. The Cotswold Hounds were able to hunt on the same day, and likewise brought off by no means a bad afternoon's sport.

The Buccleuch Hunt

THE glimpse which is presented in these pages of a charming bit of Teviotdale will indicate that the Midlands have no monopoly of rolling grasslands and fine hunting country. In the south we do not hear much of sport with the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds, but in point of quality it compares well with anything seen in more fashionable countries. They breed a stout lot of straight-necked foxes in this part of the kingdom, and they have a remarkably good pack of hounds in the Buccleuch kennels. The Mastership is handed from father to son, and the whole establishment is one in which the best traditions of fox-hunting are carefully preserved. Another pack of very similar stamp across the Border is that hunted by the Earl of Eglinton in Ayrshire; these hounds, too, have a very attractive range of hunting country.

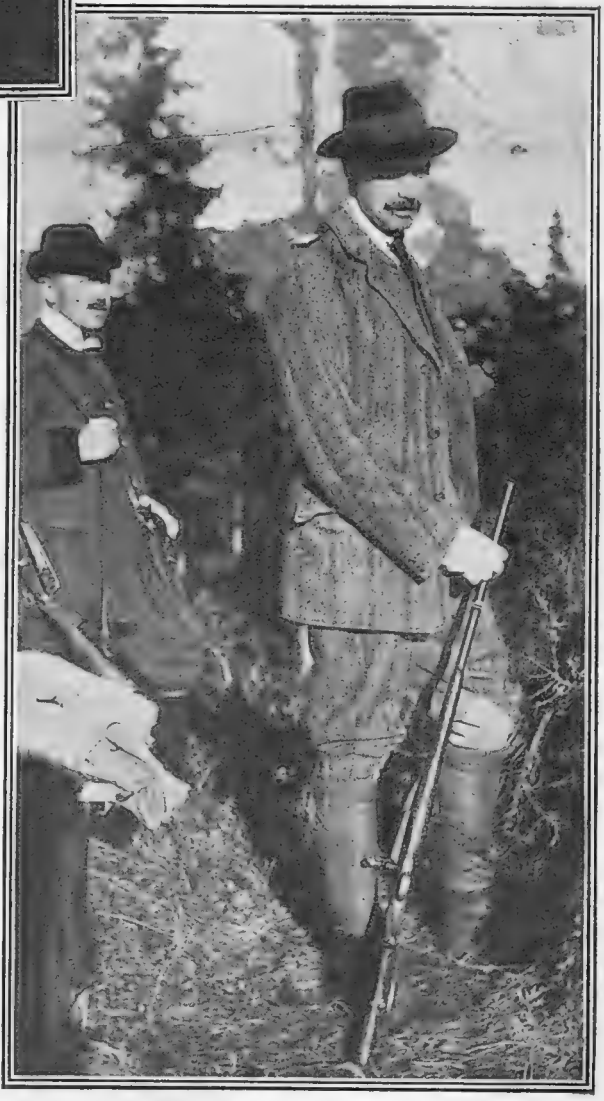
A. W. C.

Racing Notions

Rules and Regulations. By "CARBINE"

Exit the Panther

So The Panther has been sold to go to the Argentine. Shall we shed tears on his departure for sunnier climes? I do *not* think, papa! The racing public is very loyal to its favourite horses, and for a long time refused to believe the worst of The Panther. After he had won the Two Thousand Guineas he became something of an idol. But how badly he let us all down in the Derby! Still, excuses were found for him at Epsom, yet when he went to Ireland he gave another ignominious display, and his last race in public showed that he had gone utterly to the bad. I feel sure that good money would go after bad if The Panther were kept in training another season, for the horse would certainly find backers who had not entirely lost faith in him.



Photograph *Central News*

THE KING OF DENMARK

King Christian assisted in making a good bag at King Gustave's recent shoot at Hunneberg

The Camera in the Hunting Field

WHERE THE AVIATOR SCORES—NO TROUBLE IN KEEPING WITH HOUNDS

An aeroplane accompanies the North Warwickshire Foxhounds on their way to covert

Photographs *Sport and General, Central News, and Topical*

GREETINGS AT THE MEET OF THE OLD BERKELEY HOUNDS AT SHARDELOES AND (inset) A SCOTTISH FOXHUNTER, LORD GEORGE SCOTT, WHO ASSISTS IN HUNTING THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S HOUNDS

Photograph *L.N.A.*

"BOWLED!" CRICKET IS OUT "FIRST BALL" AT WINDSOR RACES

Commander Ward's well-backed horse Cricket, came to grief at the first flight of hurdles, in his hurdle race at Windsor last week. Note his jockey on the left of the picture

RACING NOTIONS (concluded)

It is a good thing, therefore, that he is to trouble us no more.

A Curious Career

WHY did The Panther go so completely off colour? You hear all sorts of explanations but not one that I can seriously accept. Those who expected him to win the Derby—and I candidly confess I was one of them—have been chided for over-rating the horse. I still maintain, however, that his success in the Two Thousand, at a time when he was not nearly wound up, was a singularly impressive performance. Everybody connected with him thought him certain to improve at least 10 lb. by the time of the Derby, and he assuredly did look on paper to be a really good thing for the greatest of the classic races. I do not remember a brilliant horse—for his brilliancy as a two-year-old was indisputable—to have gone to pieces so uncompromisingly as The Panther did.

Photograph *Sport and General*

GOOD-BYE, THE PANTHER

The most-discussed horse of the year has now been sold to go to the Argentine. Those who backed him in the Derby will not be sorry he is leaving us

The Raybarrow Case

CURIOUS how knotty points keep cropping up in racing. The rules of the sport are drawn up to meet every possible contingency, and those of us who go racing regularly have a fairly good knowledge of all the regulations. But now and again something new occurs to cause no end of discussion. Take the case of Raybarrow at Windsor last week. Here was a simple incident which led to sharp disagreement between four of the Stewards, whose opinions were so evenly divided that a fifth official had to be called upon to give a casting vote.

A Knotty Point

BRIEFLY, the facts are these. Raybarrow won his race decisively enough, but after passing the post the reins became unbuckled, and Escott, his rider, lost hold of one. He at once jumped out of the saddle, recovered the rein, and then rode the horse into the unsaddling enclosure. Now, the rule says that every rider must, immediately after pulling up, ride his horse to the place of weighing, dismount and present himself to be weighed by the Clerk of the Scales. It is provided that if a rider be prevented from riding to the place of weighing by reason of accident or illness, by which he or his horse is disabled, he may walk or be carried to the scales. If he dismounts before reaching the place of weighing his horse is disqualified unless he can satisfy the Stewards that he was justified by extraordinary circumstance. The point is: Was Escott justified in dismounting to recover his lost rein? The Windsor Stewards, as I have said, decided that he was right in infringing the rules, and allowed him to keep the race; but they took an uncommonly long time in arriving at that judgment.

Current Chasing

I GRUMBLED in a recent issue at the poor quality of National Hunt racing so far this season, and the meetings I have attended since then have not been calculated to awaken any new enthusiasms. Owners and trainers, we are told, are saving their horses for the better prizes that have been arranged at various meetings in the New Year. That is probably the truth, though it seems a pity that the plums of the season cannot be more evenly distributed. The young hurdle racers we have seen so far have not been of very high merit. I have an impression that Furious is the best of them, though his display at jumping at Sandown Park recently was not exactly faultless. Vertigo has been a sore disappointment, though he will probably win before long. Sabian scored at Windsor all right, but I suspect that he is no flier at the game. Let us hope that we shall see something better after Christmas. Despite his recent failure VANITIE may score at Haydock Park this week.

Born 1820—
still going strong.

"So many men, so many minds"—
But all are agreed on "Johnnie Walker."

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A SCOTTISH HONEYMOON ON SKI

The Hon. Charles Maule Ramsay (uncle of the Earl of Dalhousie) and his bride spent the first half of their honeymoon amidst deep snow and ice at Glenesk, Scotland. They had great difficulty to reach Invermash Lodge, where they were staying. The bridegroom is quite at home among snow and ice as he once won a dog team race in Alaska. They are here seen ski-ing near Invermash

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"Victory"

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NEMESIS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

WHO is there so blind that he cannot see that the era of war has not yet passed? The war of nations, sated for the moment by the bloody holocaust of youth, continues now in other phases, the war of classes breeds sinister unrest in every land, and the battle of the sexes—the only battle worth the fruits—goes on throughout this jazzed age with unabated vigour and quickened impulse at the world's upheaval.

I, too, am at war. Five years ago—an æon—my declaration was made, and coincided with the old men's ultimatums. My war is Youth and against old age, for my generation, clean and virile, but tortured and decimated, against a generation besmirched, decrepit and foreign, which still lives, though, fortunately, is quickly dying.

If the tragic past has achieved one thing it has made the articulate few realise Life and Death, Love and Hate.

Even now—for the moment—we are living in a world in which the old men in every country presume to govern our wills, our lives, our lodgings, and our belongings.

On their tribunals, in the safety of their camps, and on their soft-padded divans—venom-tongued—they have for long years taunted us, goaded us and maligned us, treated us like cattle.

Their record is before us. Europe devitalised, demoralised and destitute, with a colossal legacy of debt for the young to toil to liquidate. Youth they have duped, misled, insulted, preyed upon, cheated, used, and lied to.

The old men made no sacrifice, paid no prices with the exception of their quaint wartime boast—which became a *cliche*—that they had given their sons Fffftha! Lives which were not theirs to give. They have given much—too much that was not theirs to give—and expect to receive too much in return for their carefully calculated munificence.

There is a world shortage of the sweet and pleasant things of Life, thanks to the elderly war-makers of Europe.

But Youth hugs one consolation to its breast; the old men who still govern the young meet their match, and something more than their match, in the Lists of Love.

For the Lists of Love are the Lists of Youth.

Age may desire, but Youth inevitably possesses. Love, at least, is not for the old, the sterile, the impotent. But age is arrogant and blind, and we must take them from the paradise of fools.

So, if in their decayed imaginations, senile satyrs misread the enigmatic smiles of the nymphs, if they are so fond in their conceit as to misunderstand, to believe that the allurements are for them, let them know that they, in their turn, are being duped, misled, trapped, tricked, preyed upon, played upon, lied to, cheated, used—and loathed.

For, come what may, the weapons in Woman's armoury are never allowed to rust; they are kept sharp as her wits, and it is only in the absence of lordlier game that she deigns to practise scornfully on vermin.

The Saturnalia of the old men is at its end. It is well that they should now see and know themselves, that the poison of their knowledge should consume them.

* * * * * * * * *

Turning to a more pleasant subject, the following prices for clothes are not really quixotic. They are modest, because the House is building for the new generation and not for the decadent old. Tweed Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Overcoats from £10 10s.

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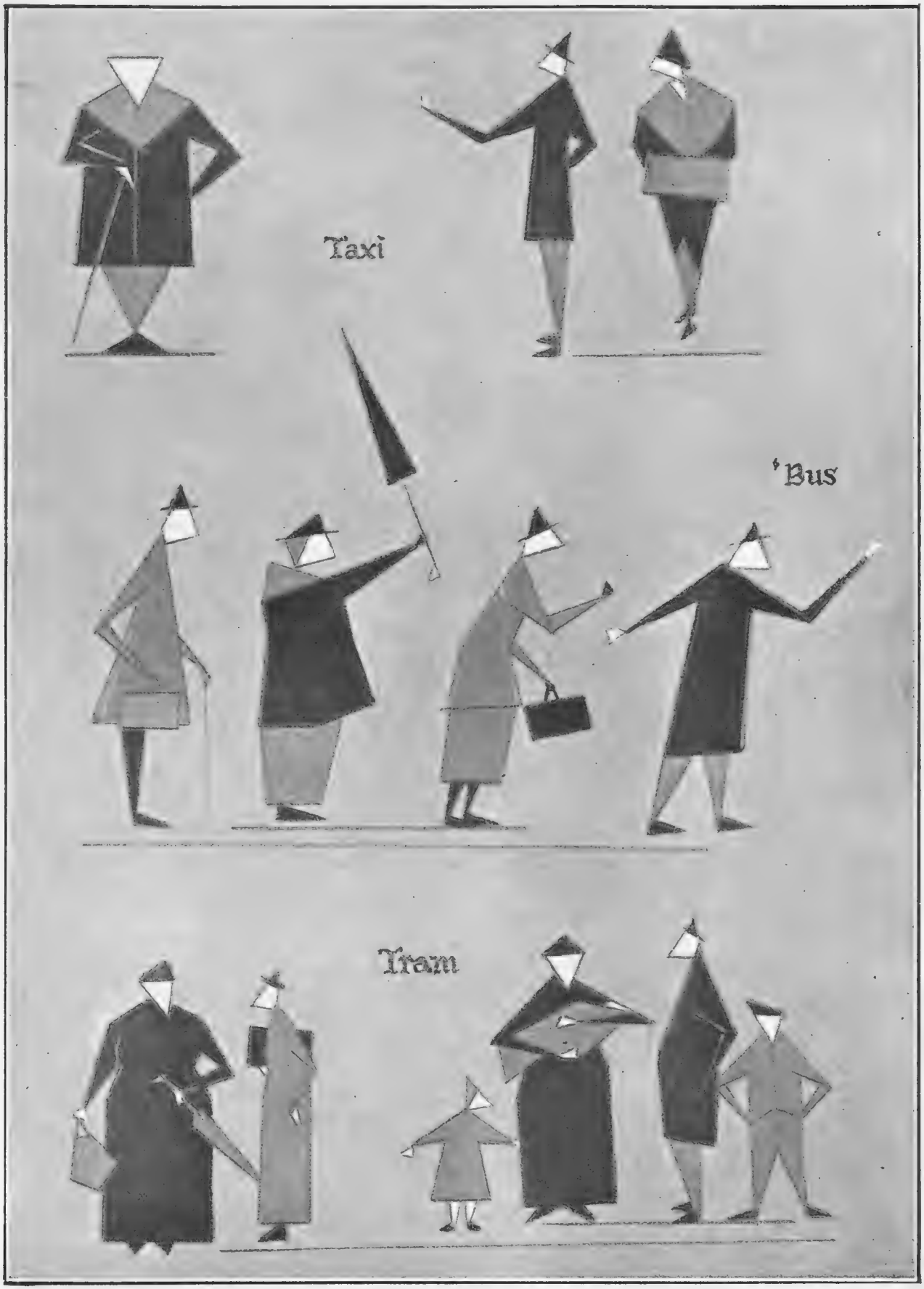
Oddities and Oddments



HOW LONDON RIDES

BY LAURA WILDIG

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (*concluded from page* 994)

"Aren't you glad that your wish to lose wasn't granted?" Dolores ventured.

"Perhaps, madame. But why did you insist upon throwing in your lot with mine?"

"I hardly know," she answered. "It was a sympathetic chord. I felt——"

"What, madame?"

"If you won't think me pushing, I felt you were unhappy. You didn't want to bring me bad luck. I wanted to bring you good luck! I had a *flair* that I should. Enough good luck to make you *change your mind.*"

He straightened up and flung her a keen glance. "I see," he said. "You thought I was an ordinary disappointed gambler, who had decided to finish everything, and—well, you are wrong!"

"I *didn't* think you an 'ordinary' gambler. And now I think you quite an extraordinary one. I was wishing for a stranger to play with me—someone who wouldn't consider it his duty to say 'be prudent.' My wish was granted. If you and I played together every day, we'd do something dazzling. Why shouldn't we, monsieur?"

"Why, I may be the devil for all you know!"

"You—er—*look* a little like him."

The man laughed. Against his will he was taking a new interest in life. "I *did* feel much like him."

"You don't now?"

"Not so much. May I introduce myself as Ivan Orthis? It is not my name. But I no longer have a right to any other. I came to Monte Carlo to—make an excuse of the place. I have not lost money here. I meant to be seen losing, and *then*——"

"I beg that you *will* change your mind."

"I have changed it, or I would not be with you now. Do you still want me for a partner?"

"I do. Please say yes! Your name shall be what you like. You are a gentleman. That's enough. I should like to help you."

"You have helped me."

"Will it help you more to make money?"

"Yes."

"Then we're partners for the game! I'm Mrs. Macadean, staying at a villa called Roc Azur. And you——?"

"I'm staying nowhere. I am like the coffin of Mohammed suspended between earth and sky—not heaven!"

"Why not come to Roc Azur, as a paying guest, like the rest of us? The house is supposed to be full. But there's a tiny room vacant. Sir Berrian!" (She had caught sight of Borrodaile in the doorway. He'd been pining to remind her that it was time to lunch.) "I want to introduce you and Mr. Ivan Orthis to each other. My host. My adopted partner. You told me to take one. He wants to join us at Roc Azur."

"Charmed—if it's possible," Berry said aloud. Within he simply said "The *devil!*"

Was it the Prince of Darkness Dolores' partner was like, or—was it another prince?

At least he'd proved himself a king—of the Double Dozen.

John Pound & Co.

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A New Literary Log Rolled by Ralph Straus

WHEN a youthful poet begins to annoy serious people you may suspect some very good reason. When that youthful poet possesses a brother and sister who also write poetry which annoys serious people, it is time to find out what is happening. The poet in question is Osbert Sitwell, one of the editors of *Coterie*, a contributor to his sister's publication, *Wheels*, and the author of a much-discussed volume just issued, called *Argonaut and Juggernaut* (Chatto and Windus: 5s. net). At the moment people are calling Mr. Sitwell various names. There is a controversy going on cheerily enough in one of the weeklies, which revolves round the question as to whether he is an "effete aristocrat" or not. (A most excellent advertisement, by the way.) He has been called a tiresome young person and an authentic poet, though rarely, I believe, both at the same time. He is certainly one of the most picturesque personalities of the day.

❋ ❋

OF course, he is modern, which does not mean that he leaves out his verbs, and the profiteer, who is now buying books by the yard, will not like him. If it pleases him, he puts aside the usual close forms, although, as you can see for yourself from *Argonaut and Juggernaut*, he can use the older measures with success. What matters rather more than this question of metre is the fact that he has something to say. And he says it with a disregard for the consequences which cannot help annoying the admirers of, say, Mrs. Humphrey Ward or the late Martin Tupper. There is a big hatred in this young man of things which many respectable folk accept either with a half-hidden eagerness or with a shrug of the shoulders. "Yes, we know it is like that," they may say, "but why draw attention to something which might be so much worse?" Osbert Sitwell, however, denies with a shout that there could possibly be anything worse than the shams and the hypocrisy of to-day. He hates most of all those shams which most people haven't yet discovered to be shams. He hates those who cry out for war. He hates the dull, silly lines into which so many people have obesely sunk. He is a wit and a scourger, and a genuine poet.

❋ ❋

THERE are things in his book which you may not like or even understand. There are moments, perhaps, when he is too youthfully enthusiastic to trouble about explaining himself. But there is no question of his powers. He can get down on to paper such a thing of delicate beauty as "Spring Hours," and can make your blood curdle (unless you have made too much money out of the War) at his terrible picture of "The Modern Abraham," a piece of grim satire suitably dedicated to his friend and fellow-poet, Siegfried Sassoon. It seems to me that this family of poets, with Osbert at its head—I have no space to speak of Edith or Sacheverell Sitwell—is something in the nature of a phenomenon, and although it may be as unpleasant to be called a phenomenon as an effete aristocrat, the author of *Argonaut and Juggernaut* will acquit me of any intention but that of rolling the log, deservedly, in his favour.

❋ ❋

SITWELL'S name does not appear in the new volume of *Georgian Poetry*: 1918-1919 (Poetry Bookshop: 5s. net). Perhaps he is still too modern, like Aldous Huxley or Richard Aldington. But the collection is interesting, particularly interesting in view of the fact that our young poets have no longer a war upon which to pour their fulminations. It is good to see that Francis Brett Young is included; he is a writer of surprisingly varied gifts. Harold Monro shows the same methods in his five or six pieces which proved so successful with his best poem, *Trees*. Siegfried Sassoon, whose *War Poems*, by the way, have just been reissued by Heinemann, is well represented, and Edward Shanks, whose novel, *The Old Indispensables*, I mentioned a week or two

Photograph *Sarony*

MR. OSBERT SITWELL

Whose new book, "Argonaut and Juggernaut," is reviewed on this page

A NEW LITERARY LOG (continued)

back, appears for the first time. Mr. J. C. Squire, who now seems to be editing half the papers in London, is shown in his serious mood, but, of course, you will remember that he has divorced himself for all time from the insidious delights of parody. (Which is really a pity.) It was a brave venture when it started, this annual of current poetry, and it has taken its part in reviving a general interest in poetry. The present volume is, perhaps, staider than its predecessors, but perhaps the truth is that it is no longer the daring novelty it once was. We accept it now as our due.

❋ ❋

THE new long poem by John Masefield, *Reynard the Fox* (Heinemann: 5*s.* net), is a fascinating piece of work. There is a swing and a lilt and a breath of good country air in its lines, and an exciting story into the bargain. You are carried along much as though Mr. Masefield had been obliging enough to provide you with a mount for a day's excellent sport. There have been poems before which tell of the glories of hunting, but never, I think, so forthright an attempt as this one of Masefield's. The style is more or less that of his *Everlasting Mercy*. You are shown the "Cock and Pye," where the meet is held, and as each new member arrives he has his paragraph. A good-humoured company it is, very English and rural and keen. And then, having got the hounds ready for the day's business, Mr. Masefield turns to the fox. He is a very game beast, and gives his pursuers a run which will be talked about for months. He is so game that you cannot help hoping for his escape. He does escape after two bitter disappointments, but there is a kill after all, and everybody is satisfied, except, perhaps, the man who fell in a ditch. It is all extraordinarily well done. There are one or two words which may be here seeing the light for the first time, but that is all to the good, for they are virile words. I can imagine no more popular book in the country-house just now, and should not be surprised if *Reynard the Fox* were the means of inducing some worthy, but non-bookish, folk to make further explorations of the kind. "If poetry is as interesting as all that——!" I can fancy them saying, and strolling off to the library. . . .

❋ ❋

TWO volumes from the Bodley Head may here be mentioned. They are both the work of prisoners of war. Mr. John Still's *Poems in Captivity* (Lane: 5*s.* net) is a surprising first volume. The whole of the manuscript, which fills three hundred pages of print, was written on ten sheets of notepaper which were concealed in a hollow walking-stick. The author was captured by the Turks, who are not great poets themselves. Mr. Still can write many beautiful lines, and it must be some consolation to him that his captivity was the means of "discovering himself." The other volume is Mr. Archibald Bowman's *Sonnets From a Prison Camp* (Lane: 5*s.* net), a collection written in a short space of time. The sonnet is a difficult measure, but Mr. Bowman gets down his deepest thoughts with apparent ease.

(Continued on page 1018)

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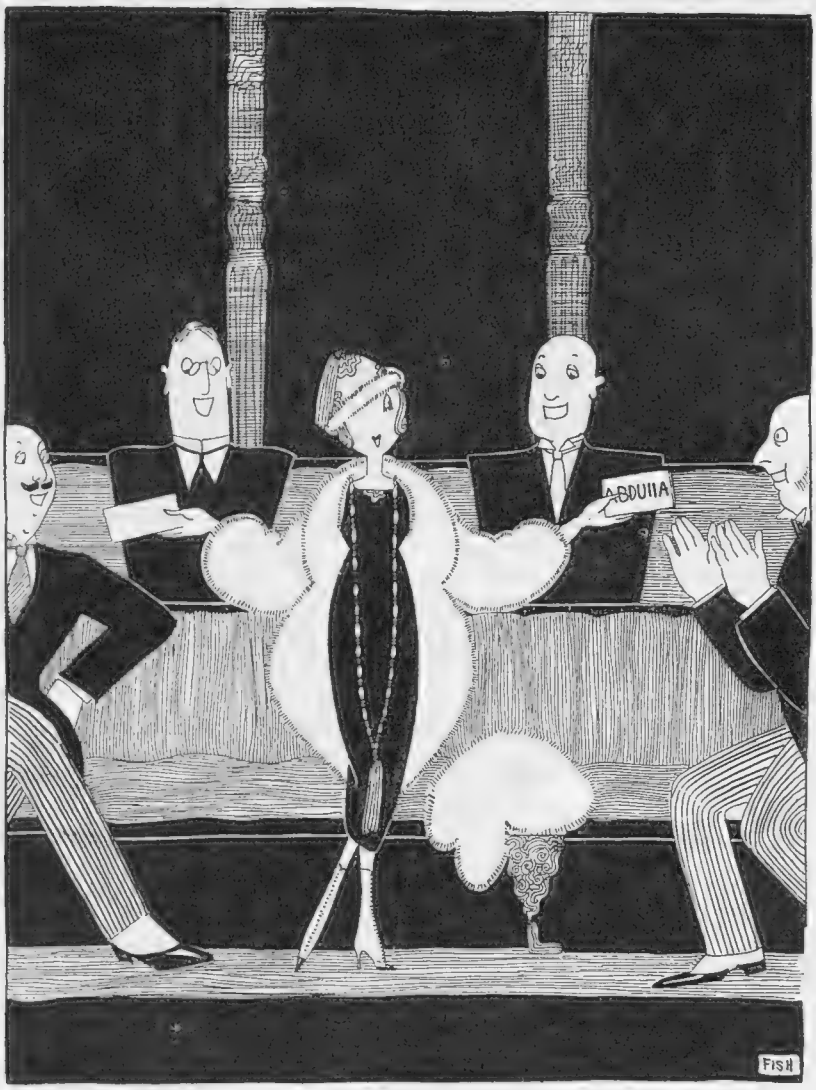
A "REVOLUTION" IN THE HOUSE



Where Politicians dozed in rows,
One gorgeous bird among the crows
Now makes each manly heart her own,
And gives the House a brilliant tone.

The box of "chocs" or sable muff,
Pink lip-salve, gloves, or powder puff
Retrieved by members every day,
Prove Angela has come to stay.

What cheers when Angela arose
With—"Mr. Speaker, I propose
"A subtle Spell, and Eastern Dream
"Shall glorify this 'vie intime.'

"Abdulla's cool and fragrant charm
"Alone can soothe and keep us calm."
She gained her point with flying colours,
And now the whole House smokes ABDULLAS.

R. H.

ABDULLA
CIGARETTES
TURKISH EGYPTIAN VIRGINIAN

A NEW LITERARY LOG (concluded)

There is a distinction about this labour of his "that hath stood between my soul and madness" which augurs well for his literary future. R. S.

FROM "CINDERELLA"

An illustration from the recently-published book (Heinemann: 7s. 6d. net) in which the story of Cinderella is retold by C. S. Evans, and illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

A most admirable contribution to the Christmas library is the December number of the *Book Monthly*. The word "delight" is too frequently used indiscriminately, but it never could be more aptly employed than in a description of this essentially "Christmassy" number of our most engrossing and informing magazine about books. It makes an interesting Christmas in every home, and is so aptly selected as to suit the nursery as well as the grown-ups' study—the boudoir as well as "my lord's den." There is an excellent guide to books for children, which will relieve the mind of many an uncle and aunt as to just what they ought to give "the little darlings!" And Mrs. Williamson has told a charming story about a romance in a bookshop. A score of famous authors tell of the books they loved when they were young, and the reprint of the historical Herkomer woodcuts, which illustrated the original serial of Hardy's *Tess* in the *Graphic* of 1891, makes this Christmas *Book Monthly* of unique interest, and altogether of a holiday literary quality.

CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS

Probably owing to paper and printing difficulties we do not yet seem to have returned to pre-war conditions as far as Christmas gift books are concerned. These are very much fewer in number, and, with one or two exceptions, are not on so sumptuous a scale as in the old days before the War.

Cinderella. Retold by C. S. Evans, and illustrated by Arthur Rackham, is among the best. The famous artist has decorated the volume with silhouette drawings, and this little used method of drawing is an unqualified success. Messrs. Wm. Heinemann are the publishers, and the price is 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Some British Ballads is another excellent gift book illustrated by the same artist. The delightful pen drawings are in colour and loosely mounted, and alone are well worth the 16*s.* net which the publishers (Constable and Co.) charge for the volume.

Aladdin (Nisbet: 20*s.* and £3 3*s.* net) is a rhymed version of the popular story by A. Ransome. The illustrations are by Mackenzie, and beautifully reproduced in colour on dark mounts, forming a very attractive gift book.

Of the less expensive Christmas books for children, Mr. Frank Hart's *Andrew Bogie and Jack* (Blackie and Sons) is an excellent five shillings' worth. The story is of three dogs, and is well and amusingly illustrated in colour and black-and-white by the artist.

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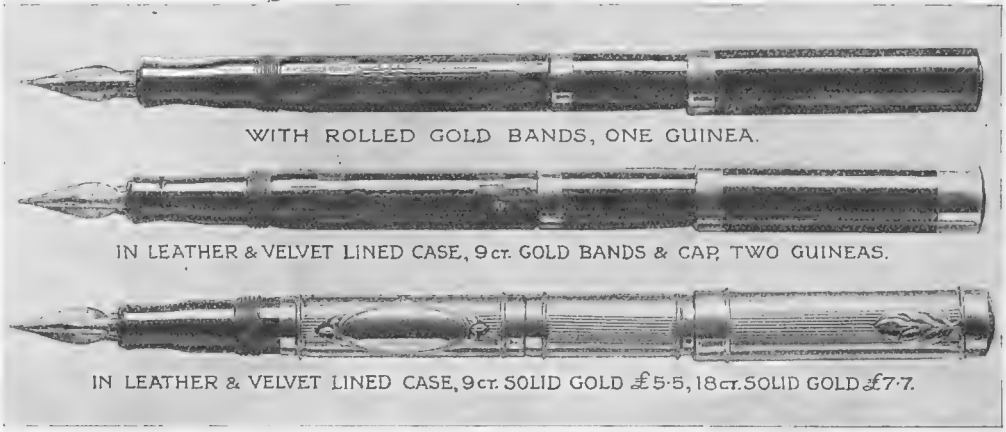

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Winter Sport in England—

—As it Usually is After a Five-Mile Tramp!

BY W. E. WIGFULL.

Winter Sport in Scotland !

THE MCPHERSON:—"Michty me! There's the teacher fell through the ice the noo!"
THE MCINTOSH:—"Ay, weel, let him bide there! He's no' needed till Monday morning"

By DYKE WHITE

Craven Tales by Bob Blender, Jnr.

Xmas, 1867.

Scrooge Meets My Father.

. . . . . To service at Saint Paul's this morning, and returning, to encounter old Mr. Scrooge, loaded with packages and smiling happily. Knowing the man, I jestingly pass him the season's compliments.
Aye, 'twill be a merrier Christmas, Mr. Blender, than I have known for many a year, for to-day I have received my first present. 'Tis from Bob Cratchit, my clerk, though I fear the man is on the point of asking for another increase in salary, seeing that he has opened my heart with the gift of your wonderful Craven Mixture.

A MOST ACCEPTABLE GIFT.

2 ozs. ..	2/2	4 ozs. ..	4/4
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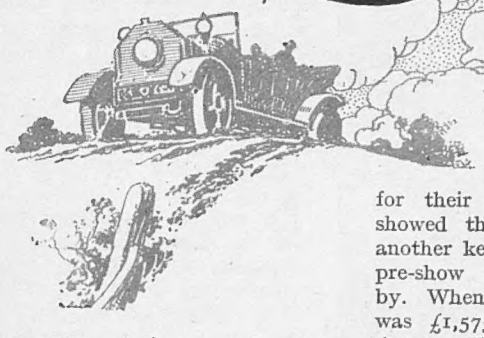
Motoring & Aviation



REALLY, motoring news is getting most sensational. Whether it is the aftermath of Olympia Show or not nobody knows, but what do you think of a few samples like these? André Boillot (brother of the late Georges Boillot) wins the Targa Florio Race in Sicily on a Peugeot on Sunday, November 23, skids into the grand stand just before crossing the finishing line, crawls the car over it, and faints. Tableau. The P.M. and Minister of Transport each caught in Surrey police-traps, more than once. Result—Motor Legislation Committee at work to draft new Motor-Car Act and Taxation of Cars. Sir Percival Perry, who has up to now been the leading light in the importation of American cars, states England should stick to its own productions. Howls by Ford agents. Flotation of six million motor combine so as to give the motor-selling fraternity goods to put in their shop windows. Screams by the M.T.A. Two hundred odd makes of cars offered to the public to purchase at various motor shows. Thousands of pounds received for deposits. Optimism, but no delivery of goods for six months or so. P'raps and p'raps not. 'Pon my word, I could fill the whole of this number with catch lines like these, and yet not finish this startling tale. However, I cannot resist mentioning that America thinks she is going to produce 1,700,000 pleasure cars and about 300,000 commercial motor vehicles in the next twelve months, while some mathematician has worked out that this vast production is far below their home requirements, as there ought to be 17,500,000 cars on their roads to-day while there is only the paltry total of 7,602,000 registered. Mass production promoters, sit up and take notice. Cars look like being three a penny before we finish at this rate, but you never know, y'know! What British motorists want is something now, but, of course, that is unreasonable. The other fellows only want your cash. Why we ask for cars for it beats them, in fact, they are too busy taking the money to worry about a trifle like that.

WE used to hear all about the battle of cylinders. To-day it is the battle of prices and who is going to charge most for their chassis. Olympia clearly showed this, for one firm after another kept adding a bit to their pre-show price as the days went by. When Rolls-Royce said theirs was £1,575, Napier replied ours is £1,750. Up went Rolls to £1,850, so Napier "riposted" (in fencing parlance) to £2,100. It so surprised the Lanchester that it stopped bidding at £1,850, but it only wants the moulders to get another halfpenny a week added to their wages when they choose to start work again for more sensational rises. Which reminds me that these self-same moulders are doing *le brave Belge* a power of good, and giving them back as fast as they can all their old pre-war contracts for cylinder castings. It is a bit of a "hush, hush" business, but there you are, and what the Institute of Automobile Engineers will have to say in the matter, words fail me, but it must be a terrible blow to them, as for many years they have been trying to improve British cylinder casting to equal the Belgian, and at lessened cost, too. But these are funny days, my masters, and jesters have so many competitors in every walk of life that old Bill Shakespeare just about hit the mark when he wrote "all the world's a stage," as there is a horrible sense of mumming about everything, Peace Conference included.

***

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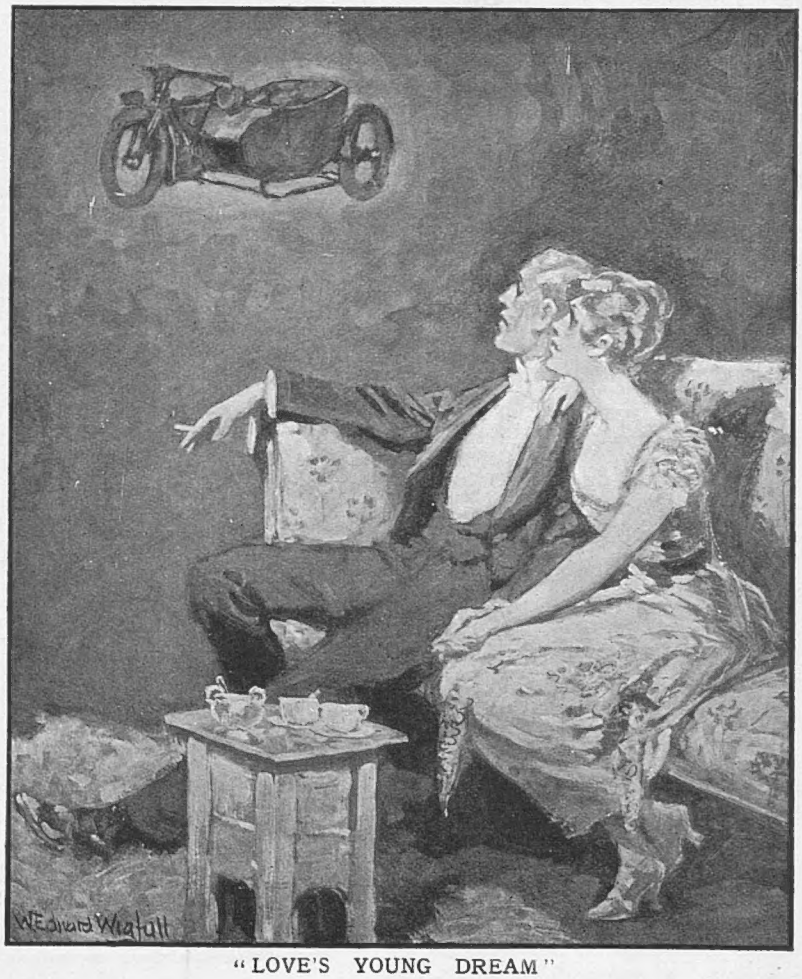


"LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM"

By W. E. Wigfull

MOTORING AND AVIATION (concluded)

French Aero Club of one of its founders and its president. We shall all miss his well-known face and genial personality, as he was a pioneer of motoring as well as aviation, though, perhaps, the latter brought him into more world-prominence, as both he and his friend, M. Archdeacon, provided most of the prizes in the early days of flying for airships as well as aeroplanes. It was in 1906 that he kindly gave me an opportunity to test the capabilities of his own airship, the Ville de Paris, afterwards presented to the French Government, though the last time we met was here in England in 1914 before the War. France has lost one of its most worthy countrymen, and all motorists and flying folk a real friend.

***

FRIENDS of the Sunbeam Motor-Car Company will be well pleased to learn that the 16 h.p. Sunbeam car which was used throughout for the 10,000 miles benzole test by the Automobile Association absolutely shone in that performance. I had a chance of inspecting the car after it had been taken down to see whether the fuel had caused any damage. Beyond one plug that was cleaned, nothing was touched on the car throughout this long journey over all sorts of roads in the United Kingdom, and some of the Scotch highways were real bad. No one would have believed that the engine had done 200 miles, leave alone, 10,000 miles, as the machine marks or, rather, tool marks, were still visible on the moving parts, and the chassis absolutely sound right through. It was a wonderful performance, and Sunbeam cars should "bull" the market after this for their everlasting wearing capabilities. There was no excessive carbonisation, and the consumption averaged 24·57 miles to the gallon of National benzole during the sixty-two days this car took for the distance, from August 28 to November 5.

A VERY SEASONABLE PICTURE!

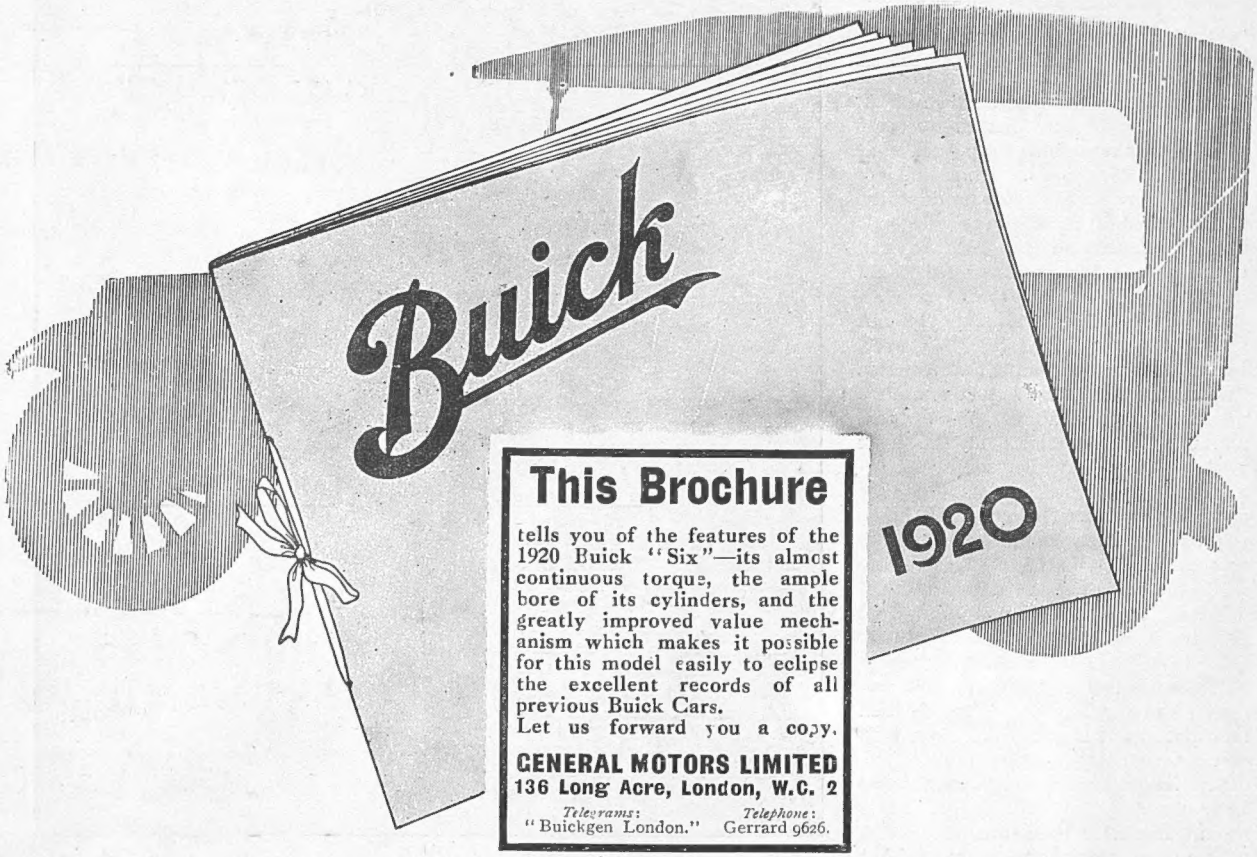
It is so jolly to feel, don't you think, that when we shiver in December fog or rain there are folks who can do this sort of thing? These ladies, who are of course doing this for the film, are using a Motor Cycle fitted with Firestone tyres.

***

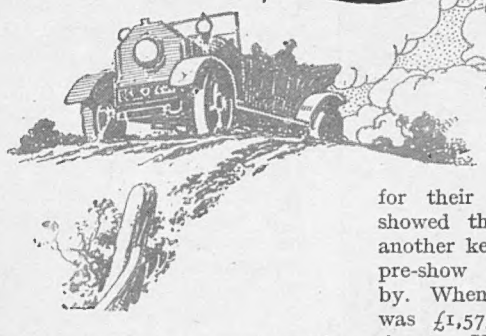
NO mechanical trouble whatever was experienced during the test, and those interested in home fuel cannot do better than write to the A.A. and get the official report of the engineers and the chemist (Dr. Coleman), giving full particulars of this severe test. In has proved beyond doubt that benzole is quite a suitable fuel for motor vehicles, and that the A.A. have done a public service in carrying out such a road test in a thoroughly efficient manner.

OLD HY.

Motorists! make C.A.V. your mascot and your lighting and starting troubles will disappear. Write for fully descriptive booklet, sent post free, C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., Ltd., Acton, W. 3.



Motoring & Aviation



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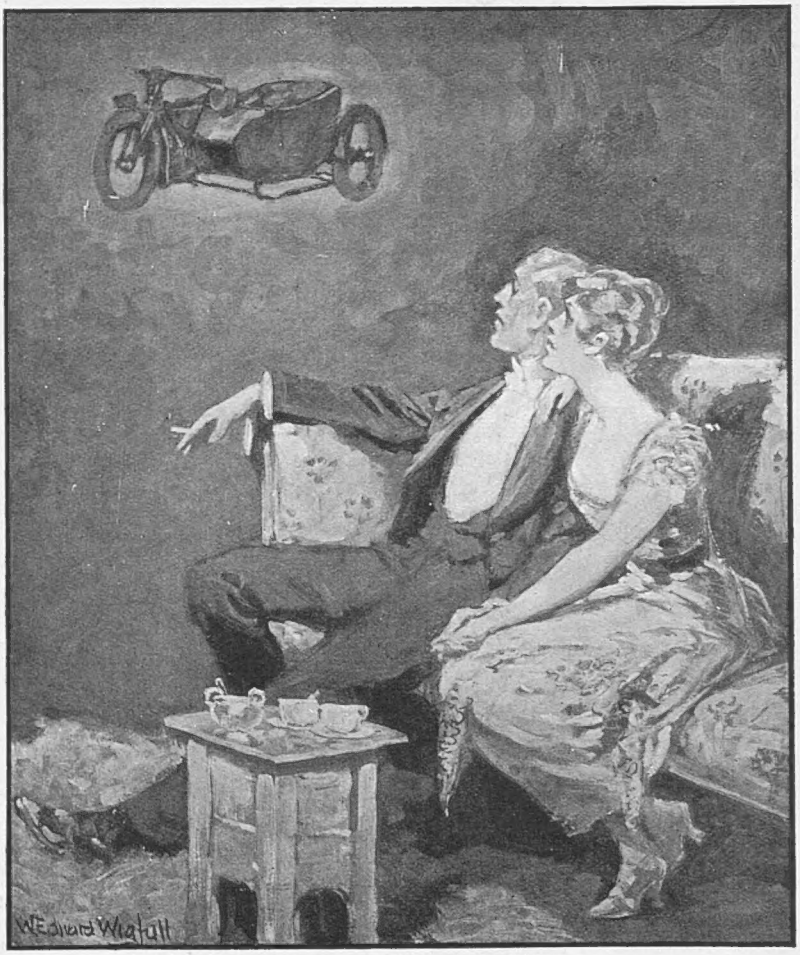

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